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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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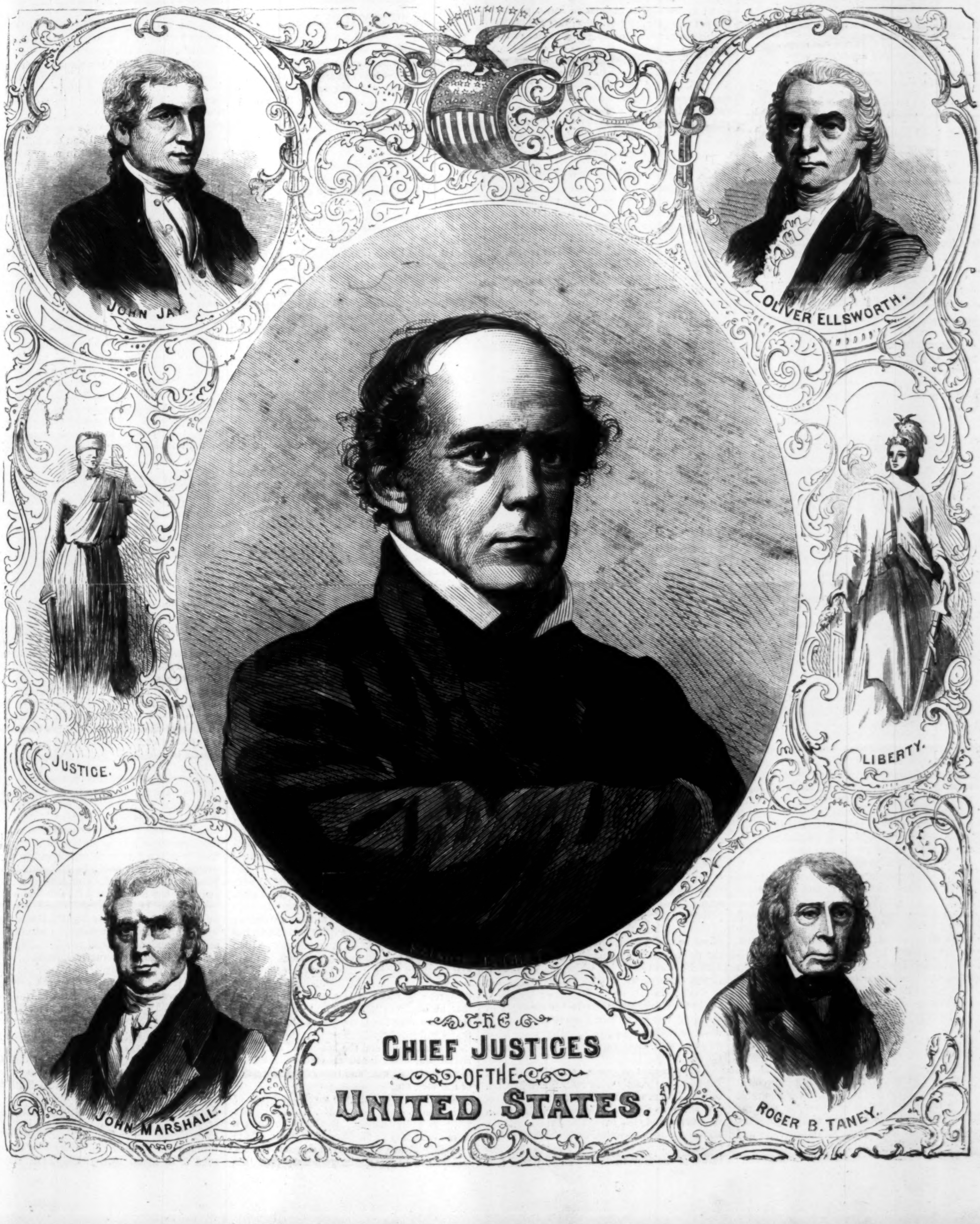

JOHN JAY.
OLIVER ELLSWORTH.
JUSTICE.
LIBERTY.
JOHN MARSHALL.
THE CHIEF JUSTICES OF THE UNITED STATES.
ROGER B. TANEY.

BARBARISM.

WRITTEN AFTER READING THE REPORT OF THE COMMISSION OF INQUIRY APPOINTED BY THE UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION, 1864.

O sickening record! most pathetic page
That fills the blood-stained volume of our years!
E'en Love itself is fired with holy rage
By scenes that bathe a Nation's heart in tears.

Reading, what woeful visions fill my eyes
Of loathsome prisons crammed with starving men,
And baleful swamps, where, 'neath the open skies,
The brave, like beasts, are herded in their pen!

I see their crouching forms, their vacant stare,
The hopeless look of eyes that can not weep,
The wan, pinched faces, that were once so fair,
Of heroes gnawing their foul rags in sleep.

I see their bony fingers spread in vain
For one sweet morsel—spread in vain to take
The dear home letter—or to still retain
The trinkets sacred for love's tender sake.

I hear the keeper's oath—the idiot wail,
Breathing the key-note of a voiceless woe—
The brutal scoffs that broken hearts assail,
The murderous shot that lays the captive low.

There, coiled in ditches through the wintry night,
To shield each other from the cold they strive,
Or pacing fetid chambers pray for light,
Or prone on blistering sands creep just alive.

These are thy fruits, O thou barbaric curse!
This Slavery is the crown that decks thy brow;
This is the *Christian* spirit thou dost nurse—
These the *kind* deeds thy charities allow!

O dark the hour that saw thy shameful birth,
And dark and blighting all thy guilty reign!
Rouse, freemen! smite the monster from the earth,
And on the nation God shall smile again.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1864.

SHERMAN.

HOW often, as the alarm of Sherman's march has rung into some neighborhood in Georgia which had before only heard the war afar off, it must have bitterly recalled to the mind of some thoughtful Georgian the prophecy of Alexander Stephens four years ago. He foretold ravage and desolation. He pictured the woes of war which his mad neighbors were about beginning. He tried to show them that war was unnecessary for their own purpose—and that, once begun, it would be hopeless for that purpose. Others in the same State predicted the same result. "It will be a long and cruel war to save slavery," said one of the largest slaveholders in Georgia, "and it will end in universal emancipation."

And now at last, after four years, the prophecy is fulfilled where it was uttered. It is fulfilled by the General who said to the Mayor of Atlanta that "war is cruelty, and you can not refine it;" and therefore they who have brought war upon the country will be cursed forever. Every man in the State who can bear arms has been frantically summoned to the field. The seat of the Government has been hurriedly removed. The prisons have been emptied into the militia. Towns and villages are burned. Fields are wasted. There was a wild cry of universal confusion and alarm, and the whole State yet quivers with the terrible tread of Sherman and his men; and as the appalled, thoughtful Georgian listens and sees, it is impossible that he should not ask himself whether it were worth while to begin a war whose pretense was puerile, whose object was revolting, and whose consequences are utterly ruinous.

The Government of the United States, after a pardonable doubt whether any considerable body of citizens actually meant to bring upon the country every dire extremity of civil war—after a natural delay in employing every military resource to crush the rebellion, since that employment implied such bloodshed and desolation—after exhausting every hope that the rebels would listen to the dictates of common sense and a conciliatory policy, has been taught that swift war is the surest mercy, and putting its armies and navies in the hands of the most devoted and skillful soldiers and sailors, now wages destructive war, that by the flaming sword the authority of the people may be maintained, and the ferocity of rebels subdued.

Of that tremendous and inflexible purpose the late election was the evidence, and General Sherman's march through Georgia is the most signal illustration. It has vindicated the truth of General Grant's conviction that the rebellion was a shell—strong only upon the edges; that behind the two rebel armies there is no substantial, self-defending population, and that the rebellious section can be victoriously traversed from end to end by a resolute leader and a true and tried army of loyal men. It is in vain that the rebel papers and orators sneer at "merely overrunning" their territory. It is in vain that they declare Sherman's movement is a retreat, and that he might as well have fallen back to Tennessee as have marched forward to the coast. The moral triumph of a movement which reveals the fact that every available rebel is in the army of Lee or Hood, or that the home population is so indifferent to home defense that the felons must be turned loose and armed, is incalculable.

It is true that while the armies remain the rebellion survives. It is true that if Atlanta and Vicksburg, if Richmond and Wilmington, are occupied by us, and the armies that defend them escape, we must advance to the next point at which they make a stand. You may take Richmond, says Davis, as you have taken New Orleans and Memphis, but you have not conquered us. True; but those events mark the rapidity with which we are conquering. Even the war waged by the rebels upon the Government must inevitably acknowledge the laws of war. It may be sternly and bravely fought, the determination may be desperate, the conversion of society into a camp may be complete; but all wars waged with an equally inflexible purpose upon both sides end in one way, and one only, and that is the triumph of the side which is strongest in men and in resources.

It is folly for the rebels to say that they will never be conquered, and will never yield. Their rage does not make them more than men. Sullen hate, indeed, is not easily extinguished any where. We do not expect it to be in the rebel section. The chiefs will always hate the Government, and be always ready to conspire against it. But that is the oldest fact in history. We shall "possess and occupy" the insurgent region; and when its population learn, as they are not now permitted to know, that the people of this country mean nothing ungenerous or unfair, but that they do mean, as they will have proved, to prevent the destruction of this nation, then the same human nature which, being deceived, has led the rebels so steadily and so long to wage a wicked war, will, being enlightened, gradually assent to a righteous and prosperous peace.

ULTIMUS ROMANORUM.

Mr. Charles O'Conor is reported to have said, at the meeting of the bar upon occasion of the death of Chief Justice Taney, that he hoped the historian would not have to record that magistrate as *ultimus Romanorum*—the last of the Romans. It is natural that Mr. O'Conor should indulge such an apprehension. His speech at the Academy of Music some five or six years ago, and his remarks made, if we remember correctly, at the office of Mr. Richard Lathers upon the very eve of the rebellion, showed that Mr. O'Conor was of those, to whom also Judge Taney belonged, who were willing to make any sacrifice whatever to the faction which then menaced the country with war.

As for Judge Taney, Mr. O'Conor is aware that, in view of the history of his appointment to his high office, and of the aid which he lent the faction in the South which is now fulfilling its menace, he has been very leniently treated since his death. History will regard his own acts and words rather than the eulogies of any admirer. But if she does record, as Mr. O'Conor fears and every true-hearted American hopes, that he was the *ultimus* of such *Romanorum*, History will never make a more gratifying record.

ON A LATE MESSAGE.

If any man would know how the character of this country has been ennobled during the war, let him compare the late Message of President Lincoln with that of President Buchanan in December, 1860. A century of civilization seems to have elapsed between them. In the latter document two astounding doctrines were set forth: one that the Government of the United States had no right to defend itself from destruction; the other, that constitutional resistance to the manifest designs of the Southern leaders was virtually treasonable! The depth of national degradation was touched in the last Message of President Buchanan. The height of true national glory is foretold in the present Message of President Lincoln, because it contemplates a return of the faith of the nation to the principles on which it was founded. Neither Mr. Buchanan nor his masters, the rebel chiefs, had the dimmest conception of the character or significance of the American Government. They hated its principles, and they were ready to destroy it the moment they lost control of it. Their conduct has opened the eyes of the people as nothing else could have done. We now perceive the necessity as well as the truth of our fundamental principles; and at the same time the real spirit and intention of the men who directed the Government five years ago are plainly revealed.

Contrast this calm, simple, concise statement of public affairs—this firm, manly expression of the noblest national aspiration for equal justice with Buchanan's feeble whine for submission to the slave power, or with the hysterical cry of Jefferson Davis at Macon, or his elaborately false representations in his messages in favor of a war upon the mildest Government, in order to perpetuate Slavery, and you see what an American state paper should and what it should not be.

The prospects of peace as set forth by the President are exactly what every faithful citizen supposed them to be. When the men who began this war upon the Government lay down their arms, and yield to the Constitution and the laws and acts in accordance with it, the war will end. It can not end before, except in the overthrow of the Government. Those whom four years have not taught this truth will never learn it. Those who think that the authority of the Government should be maintained by incessantly requesting rebels to mention the conditions upon which they will be pleased to obey the laws belong to the rebels in heart, and have been utterly repudiated by the people. In common with the rebels, they think the Message very "unconciliatory."

But its tranquil tone of faith in the people, and in the cause of the people attacked by slaveholders; its respectful and dignified bearing toward all other powers; its plain and pleasing statement of the steady increase of population and of the unfailing national resources; its heart-felt congratulation upon the release of Maryland from the deadly spell of Slavery; its truthful and encouraging representation of the progress of the war; its direct and conclusive dealing with the proposal of "negotiations," and the lofty confidence in a peace and union immutably founded upon justice which breathes all through it, make the Message, which is now familiar to the country, one of the sincerest, most noble, most honorable, and most truly American papers in our political history.

"CHIVALRY."

British Toryism and slaveholding chivalry have a profound sympathy not only in the faith that the many were born to serve the few, but in the choice of epithets and arguments to prove their own superiority to the rest of mankind. The Richmond *Examiner*, speaking last winter of the Yankees, cheerfully and chivalrously remarks: "One would suppose that creatures so abounding in the stenches of moral decomposition would never be alluded to in decent society. But somehow the habit of expectorating upon the vermin that swarm the Northern dunghill has gotten the better of gentle natures, and the time drags heavily on the Southerner who refuses to indulge himself some twenty times a day in a volley of direful anathemas against the Yankees......So the tiger that laps blood and the beetle that gorges excrement are but Yankees of the animal kingdom......It follows that our feeling toward the people of the North, the scarabæi and vipers of humanity, should be characterized neither by rage or nausea......The convulsions of passion are out of place when one is merely scalding chinches [bed-bugs]."

Now if this freedom of gentle natures from rage, and this elegance of phrase which, as you see, delicately breathes "chinches" for a more familiar name, do not prove that people who suffer their prisoners to rot and starve are "chivalric;" if they do not show that men who steal the wages of the poor and weak, who whip pregnant women and sell their children, are "gentlemen;" and if they do not establish beyond cavil that such chivalric gentlemen have a perfect right to destroy the Government of their country at their pleasure, we are really afraid that these things are not susceptible of proof.

In the same "chivalric" spirit, evidently characterized as the preceding extract is, "neither by rage or nausea," the sympathetic Tory journal, the London *Herald*, a chief organ of the "English gentleman," calls the President of the United States "a vulgar, brutal boor, wholly ignorant of political science, of military affairs, of every thing else which a statesman should know......a vacillating, helpless imbecile."

Considering that the American slave-drivers and the British aristocracy claim to be peculiarly and exclusively gentlemen, the word gentleman is in extreme danger of falling into bad odor. Or—is the horrible suspicion perhaps true, that we wretched chinches who "gorge excrement"—that is, who work for our living and do not sell our children—know nothing about it? O fellow-scarabæi and co-vipers! let us restrain our useless rage and nausea, and be scalded in silence by these "gentle natures."

MR. WEBB'S LETTER.

If we are to apologize to Brazil for the capture of the *Florida*, we ought also to apologize for the apology that has been made by our minister, Mr. Webb. It is impossible not to feel, upon perusing his portentous dispatch to the Brazilian Foreign Minister, that he hailed with enthusiasm the infrequent opportunity, and gladly launched away upon "sheeny vans" into the deeps of diplomacy. Mr. Webb is a gentleman of undoubted ability and experience, but he has placed his country in an unhandsome position by what he is pleased to call, at the end of several sheets of paper, "this hasty note!" That is the sole pleasantry in his dispatch; and the paragraph of which it is a part comprises all that he ought to have said. "In the perfect conviction that the Government of the United States will promptly do all that is consistent with its proper dignity and the honor and dignity of Brazil, the undersigned asks your Excellency to excuse," etc., etc., and renews the expression of his, etc., etc.

Such a note would have saved the honor of both countries, and secured Mr. Webb's immortality as a diplomatist. But does he think it suits the dignity of his country to say in effect: "England, backed by many of the great powers, and you, a little and insignificant power, declared equal belligerence between us and our rebels. We protest, but we can't help ourselves; and as you, small and wretched as you are, have followed England to do a mean thing, we must apologize to you as we should be obliged to apologize in the same circumstance to England, reserving to ourselves the right of doing something about it when we are able."

We do not quarrel with Mr. Webb's statement of the hostile conduct of England and France in the indecent haste to acknowledge the rebels as belligerents. We do not complain that he says the United States do not accede to such an international custom. We only regret that he says these things upon such an occasion and with such evident spite toward England. If general remarks upon the subject must have been made, why not treat Brazil as an independent power, and declare firmly and courteously that the United States protest against Brazil's recognition of the rebels as naval belligerents, omitting the doubling up of the fist and the making wry faces at England? Why lug in England merely to say that if it were not for her and the other powers Brazil would not hear us apologizing? Mr. Webb speaks of "the great injustice of England, to which Brazil, also, as soon as possible gave her sanction and approval." Does not that sentence turn the edge of the apology? Surely it is not very dignified nor polite to represent this country as saying to the rest of the world, "Ah! you scoundrelly villains, I have my hands full just now, but as soon as I get them free, then, you rascals, you'll catch it. Meanwhile I am your very humble servant." It seems to us that St. John and Machiavelli would equally smile at such a strain.

While our hands *are* full and the hostility of other nations expresses itself in many ways, let us be silent. If we must speak, let us in the fewest, plainest, and calmest words protest. But whatever may be our just indignation, honor and dignity alike require that we should not foam at the mouth, nor shout unseemly epithets or sneers, nor brandish our clenched fists in futile wrath. A nation should not argue when its arguments have no guns behind them. It can argue with enemies and rivals only upon equal terms. If the terms are unequal, then let us have silence and bows, if bows must be made, under protest.

It is not the ability, patriotism, truthfulness, or argumentative skill of Mr. Webb's dispatch that are objectionable but its heat and indiscretion. A man may be expected to refuse an apology which is proffered him with a pair of tongs. "His Excellency Señor Joan Pedro Dias Vieira of the council of His Majesty the Emperor, Minister and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs," may possibly ask the author of "this hasty note" to be good enough to explain his explanation.

LORD WHARNCLIFFE & CO.

Lord Wharncliffe and a party of British rebel sympathizers recently asked permission to send an agent to this country to comfort the rebel prisoners in our hands. Mr. Adams, to whom his lordship addressed himself, properly replied that if Lord Wharncliffe and his friends wished to help rebels, the best service they could render would be to minister to their diseased minds, since their bodies were well cared for, and to show them the wickedness and folly of their assault upon their Government, which never harmed or sought to harm them. It was well and worthily said. If his lordship will pardon a Yankee expression—and surely so Christian a soul will be charitable!—we would suggest to him that no English rebel sympathizer, from Lords Palmerston and Russell down to Lord Wharncliffe or the Rev. Mr. Parker of the peace petition, has been able to get up early enough in the morning to find Mr. Adams napping.

If Lord Wharncliffe and his English friends, however, are really anxious to succor the suffering, we have the honor to inform him that the Government of a power in friendly relations with Great Britain is defending itself and the cause of equal civil liberty against a ferocious rebellion begun for the purpose of ruining that friendly nation and perpetuating human slavery—objects which it would be an insult to Lord Wharncliffe or any honorable Englishman to suppose that he favors. The rebels have in their power at Andersonville and elsewhere thousands of men, their loyal fellow-citizens, whom they starve and torture in a manner hitherto unprecedented among people calling themselves civilized, and utterly incredible. Lord Wharncliffe and his friends may see in the Report recently sent to England not only a full and harrowing description of the fearful sufferings inflicted upon these brave men for the crime of defending their country, but also copies of the photographs appended, which tell the ghastly tale as no words can tell it.

We shall be very happy to record that Lord Wharncliffe and any considerable body of "the nobility and gentry" of Great Britain are so profoundly touched by this vast and cruel suffering of the faithful citizens of a friendly power, that they have held "Liverpool bazars" to raise money for their relief, and have sought through the resident minister of that power to send it to them. Meanwhile, Lord Wharn-

CLIFFE & Company will not be surprised that their proposition to feed those who are not hungry, and to help those who are humanely restrained from the effort to destroy this country, is seen to be exactly what it is, an attempt to encourage and perpetuate human slavery—another attempt of the English *Deerhound* to save the sinking British pirate *Alabama*. Why should Lord WHARNCLIFFE take such extraordinary pains to teach Americans a deeper hostility to the British aristocracy?

A RAILROAD "ACCIDENT."

THE *Evening Post* says that a gentleman who arrived safely in this city, a few days ago, from the West, reported "an accident" upon the road over which he had journeyed. "What was the nature of it?" asked a friend. "We got through on time, and without a break-down," was the reply, "and that is the only occurrence on a railroad, in these days, which ought to be called an accident."

Of course as our paper is issued but once a week we can not hope to keep pace with the record of railroad disasters. Among the most recent may be mentioned that upon the New Jersey Central Railroad. Two freight trains ran into each other in a fog. Soon afterward the Western Express came along and smashed into the wreck, destroying the locomotive. "No person was seriously hurt." That is to say, no necks were broken outright, but how many nervous shocks entirely ruining the sufferers will date from that perfectly unnecessary and criminal event nobody can say.

"No person was seriously hurt"—but no thanks to the Company. One of the two freight trains was out of time—or they both were. That was the culpable fault of the engineer. Then no flag of warning was sent out toward the expected express train, or if so, it was disregarded, which was the criminal neglect of the engineer of that train. Such incidents, as the *Post* truly says, are not "accidents." They are no more accidents than the burning of a barn which has been carefully fired. There is simply no excuse whatever for either collision; and a Company which does not make the strictest investigation of the circumstances, and publicly and conspicuously dismiss the offending agents, trifles with the public safety.

LITERARY.

WE find in the Paris letter of Mr. CHILDS's Publishers' Circular, a valuable monthly manual of literature of whose great merits we have already spoken, the following characteristic anecdote of ALEXANDRE DUMAS:

> M. ALEX. DUMAS has amused the town this week by a characteristic letter. The town of Cavaillon, in the department of Vaucluse, is famous throughout France for its musk-melons. All the markets on the Rhone and Saone, and even Paris itself, draw their supply of the best cantelopes from this southern city. The inhabitants of the town have taken measures to establish a public library. They applied to eminent persons to aid them, these with donations in money, those with gifts of their works. They applied, among others, to M. ALEX. DUMAS, who returned this answer: "Sir,—The moment I received your letter I hastened to confer with my publisher, in order that he might send you the two or three hundred volumes of my works which have already appeared, and that he may send you the remainder as they are published. I am too happy to accede to the great honor you do me. But be kind enough to say to M. TOUVEL, your honorable Mayor, that I give these books on one condition: If the town and authorities of Cavaillon like my books, I like their melons very much, and I wish that, in exchange for my three or four hundred volumes, they grant me, by *municipal ordinance*, a pension for life of *twelve melons annually*, the cost of carriage to be, of course, at my charge. Receive, etc. ALEX. DUMAS." M. NADAR, the well-known aeronaut, tells us this week the following story of the novelist, which will go far to exhibit the causes of his bankruptcy and straitened circumstances. I give the story in M. NADAR's words: "We were dining at Monte Christo (M. ALEX. DUMAS' residence, near Paris). ALEX. DUMAS—the eternal sponged-upon—had, as he always has, a great many guests. He said to his servant: 'Well, PIERRE, here are a great many Champagne-glasses, but I don't see any wine!' 'Monsieur DUMAS, there is none in the cellar.' 'Then go buy some at the restaurant of the Pavillon d'Henri IV.' The servant whispered in DUMAS' ears. We could catch the words 'No credit—bill—cash in future.' DUMAS exclaimed: 'They are fools at the Pavillon d'Henri IV. Take thirty francs and bring us back three bottles.' A few days afterward the same scene took place. Four bottles were sent for, and forty francs given. Another day two bottles were sent for, and twenty francs given. So it went on day after day until DUMAS received the visit of a 'traveler' for a wine firm; and these visits are never rare. DUMAS replied: 'Very well, I will take twelve baskets.' After the wine was delivered and stored in the cellar, under the superintendence of the dealer, he went up stairs and said: 'Monsieur DUMAS, you might have waited a while before buying any more Champagne. Your stock is still far from being exhausted.' 'What?' 'Why, there are at least some 150 or 200 bottles in the cellar.' 'The rogue! The scoundrel! The knave! 'Twas my own wine he sold me! PIERRE! PIERRE!! you are a rogue! you are a thief! Be off with ye!' PIERRE went off at once, but before he closed the door DUMAS called him back. 'Come here,' said DUMAS, 'I have kicked you out as a thief, but I keep you as a good servant—you know, you rascal! that I can not get along without you. But when you do sell me my own wine, in the name of Heaven, give me credit!'" M. NADAR asserts this anecdote to be literally true.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS

December 6:

THE Senate met at 12, Mr. Clark, of New Hampshire, President *pro tem*. Mr. Foot, from the committee to wait on the President, reported that the Message would be sent at 1 o'clock, and the Senate adjourned till that hour. Upon the reassembling of the Senate the Message was received and read, and the usual number of copies ordered to be printed. Reports from the Secretaries of the Treasury and the Navy were also received. A resolution (Mr. Sumner, Mass.) was introduced and adopted, that the President furnish the Senate with any information in possession of the State Department concerning any proposition or overture recently made by British subjects in aid of the rebellion. The Senate then went into executive session. The appointment by the President of Hon. Salmon P. Chase for Chief-Justice was confirmed without reference. The nominations of Hon. James Speed for Attorney-General and of Ex-Governor Dennison for Postmaster-General were referred.

In the House, before the reading of the Message, bills (Mr. Stevens, Pa.) were introduced and referred, to prohibit the exportation of gold and silver coin, and to prevent gold and silver coin from being negotiated for more than their current value. A joint resolution (Mr. Stevens) in relation to the tax on gold was also referred. A resolution (Mr. Broomall, Pa.) was adopted, to instruct the Committee of Ways and Means to inquire into the expediency of exempting from tax on inheritance all the estates and interests of widows in the estates of their deceased husbands. A resolution (Mr. Spaulding, O.) was adopted, that the Committee on the Conduct of the War inquire into the causes of the disastrous issue of the Red River campaign under General Banks. Bills were introduced (Mr. Julian, Ind.) prescribing an oath of loyalty to all persons practicing law in the insurgent States, and providing for the forfeiture of the fee of rebel landholders. A resolution (Mr. Boutwell, Mass.) was adopted, that the Committee on Military Affairs consider the expediency of reporting a bill prohibiting the transit of goods, wares, or merchandise to any portion of the territory of the United States in possession of the persons engaged in rebellion and beyond the lines of the United States, and prohibiting the sale of any goods, wares, or merchandise to persons resident upon said territory; and also the expediency of authorizing the purchase of the products of the territory occupied by the rebels in arms, by any person not connected with the army or navy of the United States, nor otherwise in the service or employment of the United States, either upon credit or by payment in money or foreign exchange. The President's Message was then received and read, and, together with the accompanying documents, was referred to the Committee of the Whole.

December 7:

In the Senate, a bill was introduced (Mr. Lane, Ind.) and referred, to authorize a special session of the United States District Court of Indiana. The standing committees had not yet been announced, and bills were left to lie on the table, among them one (Mr. Morrill, Me.) to extend the time for the completion of the Metropolitan Railroad of Washington two years. A resolution (Mr. Powell, Ky.) was also ordered to lie on the table, that the Secretary of War communicate a report of the proceedings of the court-martial to investigate the conduct of General E. A. Payne while commanding at Paducah, Kentucky. The case of the two Senators from Louisiana came up. Governor Hahn's communication, accompanied by the proceedings of the General Assembly in the election, were laid on the table by the President *pro tem.*; and Mr. Wade, of Ohio, presented a remonstrance signed by many citizens of Louisiana. Mr. Morgan, of New York, presented the credentials of the two Senators, with the proposition that they be referred to the Judiciary Committee. The documents bearing on the subject were ordered to be printed. The President presented to the Senate copies of the laws of the Territory of Nebraska.

In the House, the vote referring Mr. Stevens's bill to prevent gold and silver coin from being negotiated at more than their current value was reconsidered, and laid on the table by a vote of 73 to 52. A bill was introduced (Mr. Cole, Cal.) to establish an ocean steamship mail between the United States and China. A resolution (Mr. Sloan, Wis.) was adopted and referred to instruct the Committee on Judiciary to inquire into the expediency of so amending Section 2, Article 1, of the Constitution, that Representatives in Congress shall be apportioned among the States according to their respective number of qualified electors. Two resolutions, offered by Mr. English of Connecticut and Mr. Cox of Ohio, calling for communications relating to the exchange of prisoners, and for an explanation of delays relating to this exchange, lie over. A bill was introduced (Mr. Arnold, Ill.) and referred to amend the act for the naturalization of soldiers so as to include sailors. A bill was introduced and referred (Mr. Julian, Ind.) providing for the sale of mineral lands. A resolution (Mr. Holman, Ind.) was adopted to instruct the Committee on Military Affairs to inquire what legislation is necessary to do justice to the soldiers who enlisted for unexpired terms, but have been held for three years. A bill was introduced and referred (Mr. Spaulding, O.) to establish a navy-yard at Cleveland, Ohio. A resolution was offered (Mr. Randall, Pa.) and lies over, providing for a Select Committee to examine into alleged frauds at the Philadelphia Navy-yard. A resolution (Mr. Broomall, Pa.) was adopted instructing the Committee on Military Affairs to inquire into the expediency of dispensing with bounties to soldiers enlisting, and raising their pay in compensation. A resolution (Mr. Odell, N. Y.) was adopted instructing the Committee on Ways and Means to inquire into the expediency of fixing an *ad valorem* tax on all sales of merchandise.

December 8.

In the Senate, Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, gave notice that he would on the next day introduce a joint resolution for the restoration of the Union and peace, and for the vindication of the Constitution and the guarantee of the rights of the several States. The Senate proceeded to the election of Standing Committees, with the following result:

Foreign Relations—Mr. Sumner, Chairman; Messrs. Foster, Doolittle, Harris, Davis, Johnson, M'Dougal.

Finance—Mr. Sherman, Chairman; Messrs. Howe, Cowan, Clark, Van Winkle, Conness, and Henderson.

Commerce—Mr. Chandler, Chairman; Morrill, Ten Eyck, Morgan, Sprague, Saulsbury, and Lane of Kansas.

Agriculture—Mr. Lane, of Kansas, Chairman; Harlan, Wilson, Powell, and Farwell.

Military Affairs and the Militia—Mr. Wilson, Chairman; Messrs. Lane, of Indiana, Howard, Nesmith, Morgan, Sprague, and Brown.

Pensions—Mr. Foster, Chairman; Messrs. Lane, of Indiana, Van Winkle, Saulsbury, Buckalew, Foot, and Brown.

Revolutionary Claims—Mr. Wilkinson, Chairman; Messrs. Chandler, Wilson, Nesmith, and Wright.

Claims—Mr. Clark, Chairman; Messrs. Pomeroy, Howe, Anthony, Morrill, Hicks, and Davis.

District of Columbia—Mr. Hale, Chairman; Messrs. Dixon, Morrill, Wade, Walley, Henderson, and Richardson.

Patents and the Patent Office—Mr. Cowan, Chairman, Messrs. Ten Eyck, Lane of Indiana, Ramsey, and Saulsbury.

Public Buildings and Grounds—Mr. Foot, Chairman; Messrs. Trumbull, Grimes, Farwell, and Hendricks.

Territories—Mr. Wade, Chairman; Messrs. Wilkinson, Morgan, Sprague, Hale, Lane of Kansas, Carlile, Davis, and Richardson.

The Pacific Railroad—Mr. Howard, Chairman; Messrs Collamer, Johnson, Harlan, Trumbull, Sherman, Morgan, Conness, and Brown.

Manufactures—Mr. Sprague, Chairman; Messrs. Morgan, Riddle, Wilkinson, and Hendricks.

Judiciary—Mr. Trumbull, Chairman; Messrs. Foster, Ten Eyck, Harris, Foot, Powell, and Johnson.

Post-offices and Post-roads—Mr. Collamer, Chairman; Messrs. Dixon, Ramsey, Conness, Buckalew, and Pomeroy.

Public Lands—Mr. Harlan, Chairman; Messrs. Pomeroy, Foot, Harding, Carlile, Hendricks, and Wright.

Private Land Claims—Mr. Harris, Chairman; Messrs. Sumner, Howard, Riddle, and Harding.

Indian Affairs—Mr. Doolittle, Chairman; Messrs. Wilkinson, Lane of Kansas, Harlan, Nesmith, Brown, and Buckalew.

The following are the Joint Standing Committees:

Joint Committee on Printing—Mr. Anthony, Chairman; Messrs. Morgan and Powell.

Joint Committee on Enrolled Bills—Mr. Howe, Chairman; Messrs. Cowan and Hicks.

Joint Committee on Part of the Library—Mr. Collamer, Chairman; Messrs. Johnson and Howard.

Select Committee on Slavery and the Treatment of Freedmen—Mr. Sumner, Chairman; Messrs. Howard, Carlile, Pomeroy, Buckalew, Brown, and Conness.

The credentials of the Louisiana Senators were then referred. A memorial (Mr. Ramsay, Min.) in relation to foreign immigration was referred. A petition (Mr. Morgan, N. Y.) was presented and referred, signed by William C. Bryant, Henry W. Longfellow, John A. Dix, U. S. Grant, Peter Cooper, Henry J. Raymond, Horace Greeley, and many others, asking an appropriation for a fund for the support of a National Home for totally disabled soldiers and seamen of the Army and Navy of the United States. Mr. Sherman's bill for the construction of revenue cutters on the lakes was referred, also all other bills and memorials previously offered. The case of General Payne was being discussed when the Senate went into executive session, the General being accused by Mr. Powell as guilty of heinous barbarities on citizens of Kentucky, and defended by Mr. Trumbull. A large number of nominations were communicated in the executive session. A message from the President was read recommending a vote of thanks to Captain Winslow and Lieutenant Cushing; also a message in answer to Mr. Sumner's resolution relative to aid furnished by British subjects to the rebellion. The substance was that Lord Wharncliffe had informed Mr. Adams that the Liverpool Bazar had produced about £17,000, and asked permission for an accredited agent to visit our military prisons to distribute aid among the rebel prisoners. Mr. Seward's reply, refusing the application, was also communicated. The Senate adjourned till the 12th.

In the House, Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported back the joint resolution explanatory of so much of the Internal Revenue Act as refers to the duty on cigars. It appears that by the false construction of the Revenue Act by the Commissioner the Government only receives $3 where it should receive $8 a thousand. Mr. Brooks, of New York, suggested that the tax on cigars be collected by having affixed to each cigar a one-cent stamp. The President's message recommending a vote of thanks to Captain Winslow and Lieutenant Cushing was referred. A bill (Mr. Shenck, O.) was introduced and referred to drop from the Navy Rolls all unemployed officers. A resolution (Mr. Shenck) was adopted to instruct the Committee on Judiciary to inquire into the expediency of denationalizing persons going abroad to escape the draft, and requiring naturalization in order to a restoration to citizenship. The House adjourned till the 12th.

December 12:

In the Senate, William Cornell Jewett's memorial, praying for the favor of Congress to an international tribunal to decide upon the points at issue in the present war, was tabled. The House joint resolution was passed, authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to expend money out of the contingent fund of the Army Department to enlarge the Navy Department building. Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, presented the petition of Major-General Weitzel and four hundred and seventy other officers of the Eighteenth Army Corps, praying Congress to increase the pay proper of army officers $20 per month, fix the commutation price of the ration at fifty cents instead of thirty cents, as at present, and allow $16 per month. Mr. Wilson favored the petition on account of the rise of the prices of provisions, and it was referred. He also presented the petition of Colonel Higginson, praying for an amendment to the act of last session, limiting the increase of pay to those colored soldiers who were free on and after April 19, 1861. The petition was referred. A resolution (Mr. Doolittle, Wis.) was referred, that the Committee on Finance be instructed to inquire into the propriety of the immediate passage of an act to increase the revenue: First, by an additional tax of one per cent. upon all sales of real estate and personal property, including also all bargains for the sale of merchandise, produce, gold and silver coin, and stocks of every description; second, by an additional tax of twenty-five per cent. on the gross receipts to be added to the present rates of all railroad fares, including street railroads, steamboats, and ferries, to be collected by the companies or persons running the same, for the use of the Government, and that said committee be further instructed to inquire into the propriety of the passage of a law to prevent the further expansion of the currency by the organization of any new Banking Associations, except where they may take the place of some existing State Banks; and that said committee be further instructed to inquire into the propriety of redeeming all outstanding interest-bearing legal-tender notes by issuing in their stead other notes in denominations not less than fifty dollars, each bearing a uniform interest from the first day of January in each year, 3 65-100 per cent. per annum, with coupons attached, to be paid out and made legal tenders for their face, with interest added. A series of resolutions was introduced (Mr. Davis, Ky.) for the restoration of peace and union. The resolutions propose a Convention of States to whom should be referred several amendments to the Constitution. The first paragraph proposes to form the States of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont into one State; the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut into one State; the States of Maryland and Delaware, and the eastern shore of Virginia, into one State. The second provides that the officers, President and Vice-President, be chosen alternately from the free and slave States, but both never at the same time, either from the free or slave States, for the term of four years; and that any person who may have filled the office of President shall be forever ineligible to it. The third provides that all the States, in the month of January next before the expiration of the Presidential term, shall present candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency—the free States for the one office and slave States for the other, as they may be respectively entitled to the one and the other office, and shall certify severally to the two Houses of Congress, and to the Supreme Court, the names of the persons so chosen, and for which office they have been chosen; and on the first Monday in February following the Supreme Court, in the presence of the two Houses of Congress, shall select from the persons whose names have been certified for the Presidency a President, and then a Vice-President from the names which have been certified for that office. The Justices of the Supreme Court to be ineligible to any other office. Resolutions were introduced (Mr. Farwell, Me.) and adopted, that the Committee on Commerce be instructed to inquire into the propriety of consolidating the three great districts, and for providing that licensed vessels may trade to ports on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, without clearances and entry at the Custom-house. Also, that the Committee on Commerce be instructed to inquire into the propriety of providing by law, that vessels engaged in foreign trade shall employ or take on board American boys, at least one for every five hundred tons measurement. A bill was introduced (Mr. Farwell) and referred, to regulate the admeasurement of the tonnage of ships, and to prescribe the charges to the same. Mr. Powell's resolution calling for the record of the Commission in the case of General Payne was referred. In executive session Speed's appointment for Attorney-General was confirmed.

In the House, Governor Fenton's resignation was handed in, to take effect December 20. The Speaker announced the appointment of Messrs. Pruyn and Littlejohn to fill the vacancies in the Committee of Ways and Means occasioned by the resignations of Messrs. Fenton and Stebbins. The House then considered the bill reported last session from the Committee on Naval Affairs, directing the Secretary of the Navy to appoint a competent engineer to designate and survey the necessary amount of land near New London, Connecticut, for a navy-yard and dépôt for the construction, docking, and repair of iron-clad and other naval vessels. There was a discussion as to the propriety of substituting League Island, at Philadelphia, for New London, but was not terminated. The bill perfected during the last session to establish a uniform system of bankruptcy, to take effect June 1, 1865, was passed, 76 to 56.

December 13:

In the Senate, a petition of Messrs. Lake Brothers, bankers of Boston and New York, praying Congress to make good lost certificates of indebtedness to the amount of $10,000, was referred. Mr. Sumner, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported a bill authorizing the President of the United States to transfer a gun-boat to the republic of Liberia. Mr. Sherman (Ohio), from the Committee on Finance, reported a bill, which was passed, authorizing the construction of six revenue cutters for service on the lakes, and appropriating one million of dollars, or so much as is necessary, for that purpose. A joint resolution (Mr. Wilson, Mass.) was referred, to encourage enlistments in the army by making free the wives and children of colored soldiers now held as slaves in the South. The House bill establishing a uniform system of bankruptcy was referred and ordered to be printed. Mr. Anthony's credentials as Senator from Rhode Island for six years were presented.

In the House, a resolution (Mr. Eliot, Mass.) was referred, declaring that the State of Louisiana may resume its political relations with the Government of the United States. A bill (Mr. Cole, Cal.) was referred, granting lands to certain railroad companies in California. Also a bill (Mr. Cole) was introduced and moved to be referred to a select committee of seven, to establish a mining department, with a commissioner and the necessary clerks and mineralogists for the purpose of collecting and diffusing useful information throughout the United States. It lies over. A resolution (Mr. Chanler, N. Y.) was adopted, instructing the Committee of Ways and Means to inquire into the expediency of reducing the tax on mineral coals. The House resumed consideration of the bill to establish an iron-clad navy-yard at New London. The bill was then laid on the table by a vote of 80 to 53. The House then took up the joint resolution reported during the last session by Mr. Elijah Ward, of New York, from the Committee on Commerce, authorizing notice to be given by the President to terminate the Reciprocity Treaty with Great Britain, and to appoint commissioners to negotiate a new treaty, based on the true principles of reciprocity as affecting the trade between the United States and the British North American provinces. The question pending from last session was on the passage of the resolution. This was now reconsidered. A substitute was offered (Mr. Morrill, Vt.), setting forth that the terms of the treaty are not reciprocal and satisfactory, providing for the adjustment of any matters of difference between the two Governments, and requesting the President to give the Government of Great Britain and Ireland the notice required by the fifth article of the treaty of June 5, 1854, for the termination of the same. This substitute was agreed to, and the original resolution, thus amended, was passed, 85 to 51.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

AT recent advices General Sherman's army had crossed the Ogeechee River, and, passing Millen, had advanced toward Savannah. He had thus far found plenty of provisions for his army, and had advanced with great deliberation. General Foster, Dec. 6, captured the Pocotaligo Bridge, on the railroad from Charleston to Savannah, thus isolating the latter city from the North. This will be an important assistance to Sherman, if the latter intends to attack Savannah. In his march on that city his army would be protected on its left flank by the Savannah, and on its right by the Ogeechee rivers. What force he would have to meet in front is not certain. According to the latest Richmond news Sherman was only five miles from Savannah.

GENERAL HOOD'S CAMPAIGN.

General Hood's army, after the battle of Franklin, pushed northward and partially invested Nashville. General Rousseau still holds Murfreesborough. On the 9th the rebels under General Lyon captured the Government transport *John E. Tutt* at Cumberland City, twenty miles south of Fort Donelson. The boat was used in transporting troops across the river, it is supposed, for the invasion of Kentucky.

General Burbridge and command were at Bean's Station on the 6th. This movement forced Breckinridge to withdraw from Bull's Gap.

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

On the 7th a portion of the army of the Potomac under General Warren broke camp, moving southward toward Weldon. The force consisted of all of the divisions of the Fifth Corps, Mott's of the Second, and Gregg's Cavalry. They marched by two roads, parallel with the railroad to Stony Creek Station, where, one week previously, Gregg had been reconnoitring. It was from this point that Lee has been constructing a branch road to connect Weldon with the Southside Railroad. Warren reached Stony Creek on the 8th. After crossing the northern branch of Nottaway River he destroyed the bridge after him. To divert the enemy's attention, on the 8th, a cavalry expedition pushed up close to the enemy's works at Hatcher's Run. General Warren's force moved south as far as Hicksford, and succeeded in destroying twenty miles of the Weldon Road. The casualties were less than 100.

On the 7th General B. C. Ludlow captured the rebel position opposite Dutch Gap. This will secure the workmen on the canal from the rebel fire, which has hitherto been very annoying.

NEWS ITEMS.

The St. Albans raiders have been released by the Canadian authorities.

Young Higginson, of Company K, Nineteenth Illinois Volunteers, who lately came as a commissioner from our prisoners at Camp Sumter, Andersonville, Georgia, has been promoted to the rank of Major by Governor Yates of Illinois. He is a nephew of Colonel T. W. Higginson's, and has some thirteen cousins all fighting under the old flag. The boy is twenty years old, but has served since the war begun.

The ordnance stores over the country are located at Washington, Baltimore, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, Pensacola, Key West, Port Royal, New Orleans, Mound City, Illinois (for our river navy), and Mare Island, California, for the Pacific squadron. It is urged upon Congress to pass some measures for the encouragement of the manufacture of nitre, in order that we may be independent of foreign nations in this respect. It appears that there is but one laboratory making it for the Government now, while four companies are employed making gunpowder, of which we had manufactured 1,325,009 pounds last year, although there were nearly 3000 tons of powder ordered in 1861.

The Navy Department has advices from Admiral Porter of the capture and arrival at Hampton Roads of the Confederate steamer *Armstrong*, of six hundred and thirty tons measurement, a beautiful vessel, very fast, and new, captured by the *Cuyler* and *Gettysburg* on the 4th of December with a cargo of 450 bales of cotton. The larger part was thrown overboard in the chase.

Brigadier-General Robert B. Potter of this city, commanding the Second Division of the Ninth Army Corps, has been promoted to be Major-General by Brevet, "for distinguished and gallant conduct in the several actions since crossing the Rapidan," to take rank from August 1, 1864.

Brigadier-General Nelson A. Miles, commanding First Division, Second Corps, has been promoted Brevet Major-General for gallant conduct at Reams's Station. He entered the service as Second Lieutenant of the Twenty-second Massachusetts, and was subsequently Colonel of the Sixty-first New York.

Major-General Granville M. Dodge has succeeded General Rosecrans in the command of the Department of Missouri.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

THE news of President Lincoln's re-election had reached Europe November 21, and was extensively commented on by English and French journals. No surprise was manifested at the result. The journals favoring secession simply mentioned the fact. The London *Times* regards it as an indication that the American republic is fast drifting toward despotism; but thinks Mr. Lincoln not objectionable to foreign countries.

THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

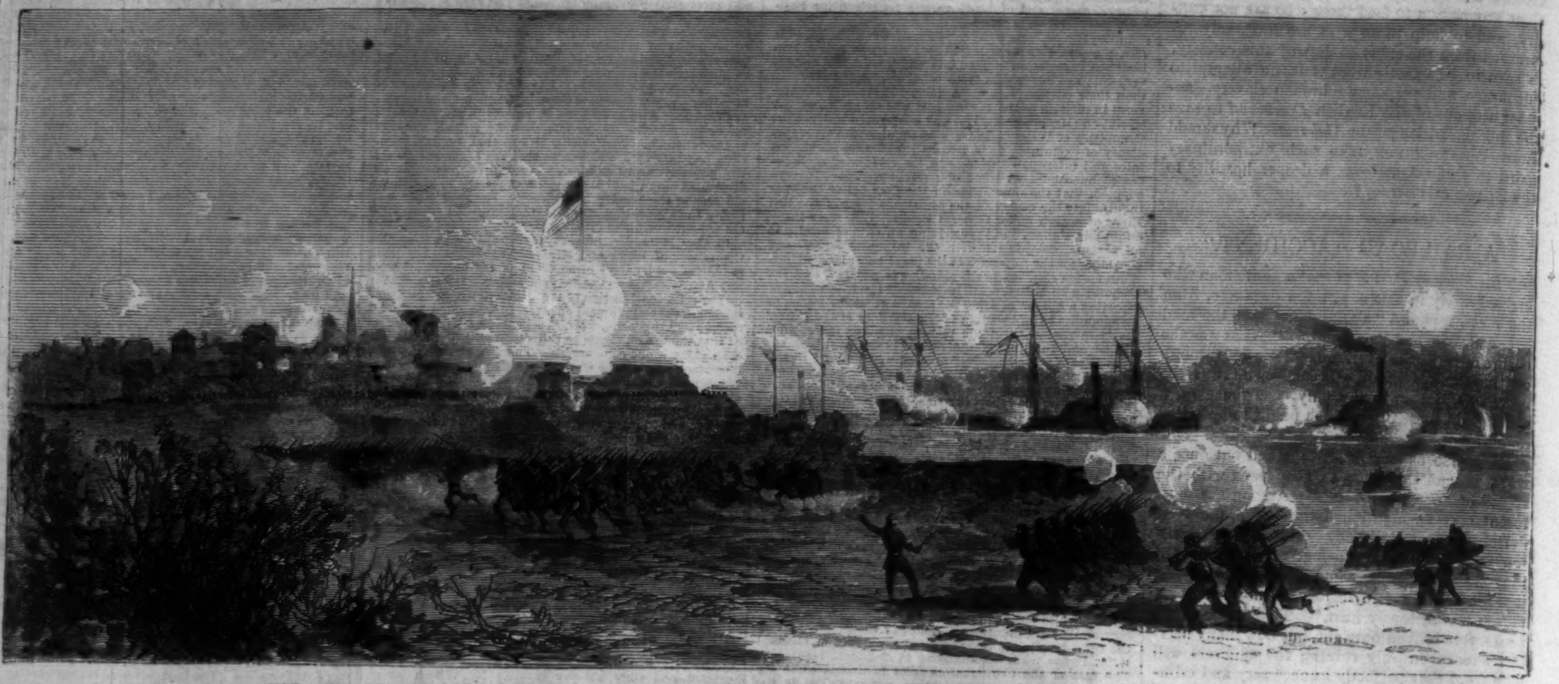
The Franco-Italian Convention, by which it was determined that Rome should be evacuated by the French and the Italian capital be transferred from Turin to Florence, met September 15. The *Constitutionelle* shortly afterward published an article from M. P. Limayrac, stating that the measures adopted by that Convention would be executed in good faith. With these measures the extreme revolutionary party was dissatisfied. Garibaldi expressed his opinion in the following manifesto:

"CAPRERA, *October* 10.—That the guilty should desire to find accomplices is quite natural; that they should attempt to plunge me into the corrupt mass of men who have polluted Italy by the Convention of September 15, I did not expect. With Bonaparte the only Convention is this: to purify our country of his presence, not in two years, but in two hours. G. GARIBALDI."

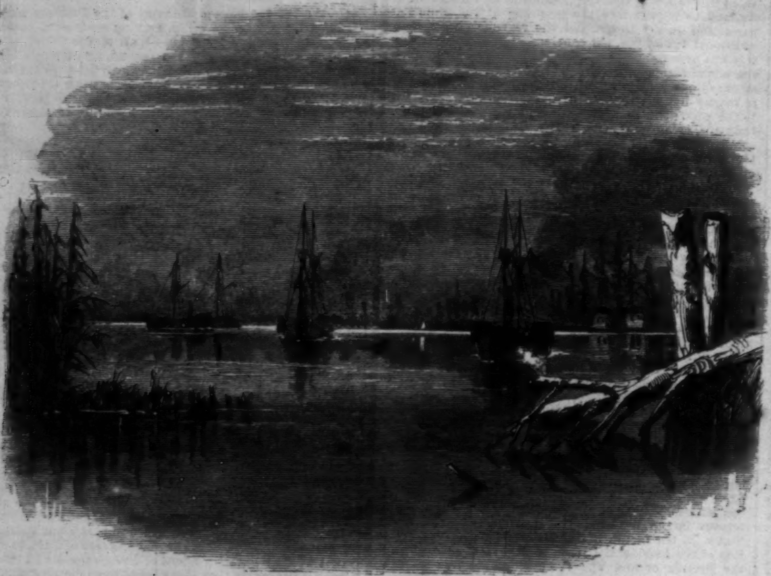
The *Diritto* and some other journals publishing this manifesto were seized. Several districts of Lombardy were invaded by armed bands dressed in the Garibaldian costume, and displaying the Italian flag.

The Chamber of Deputies was reopened at Turin October 24, Signor Cassimir President. The proceedings of this body are considered to have been favorable to the Convention.

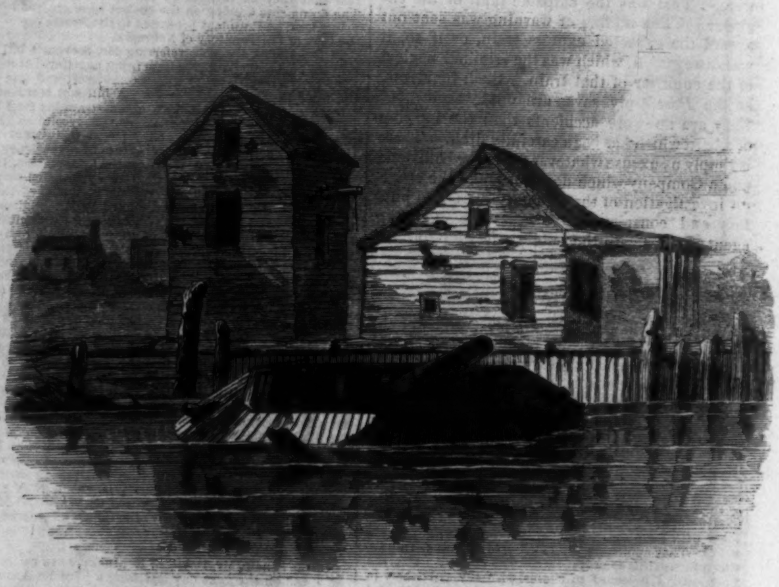
On November 19 the bill for the transfer of the capital to Florence was passed by a vote of 317 to 70.



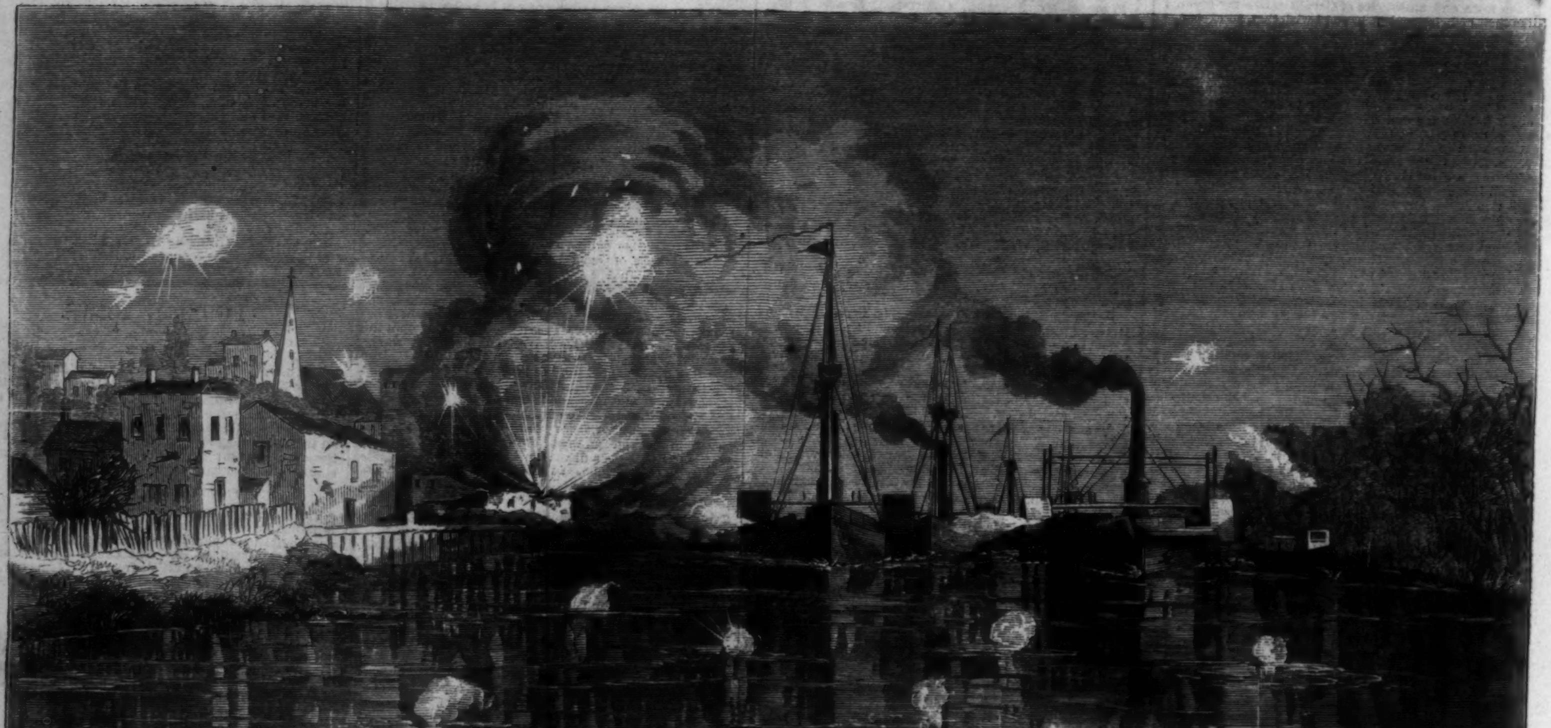
THE ATTACK ON FORT BATEMAN AT THE CAPTURE OF PLYMOUTH, NORTH CAROLINA, OCTOBER 31, 1864.



VIEW ON THE ROANOKE RIVER, NORTH CAROLINA.

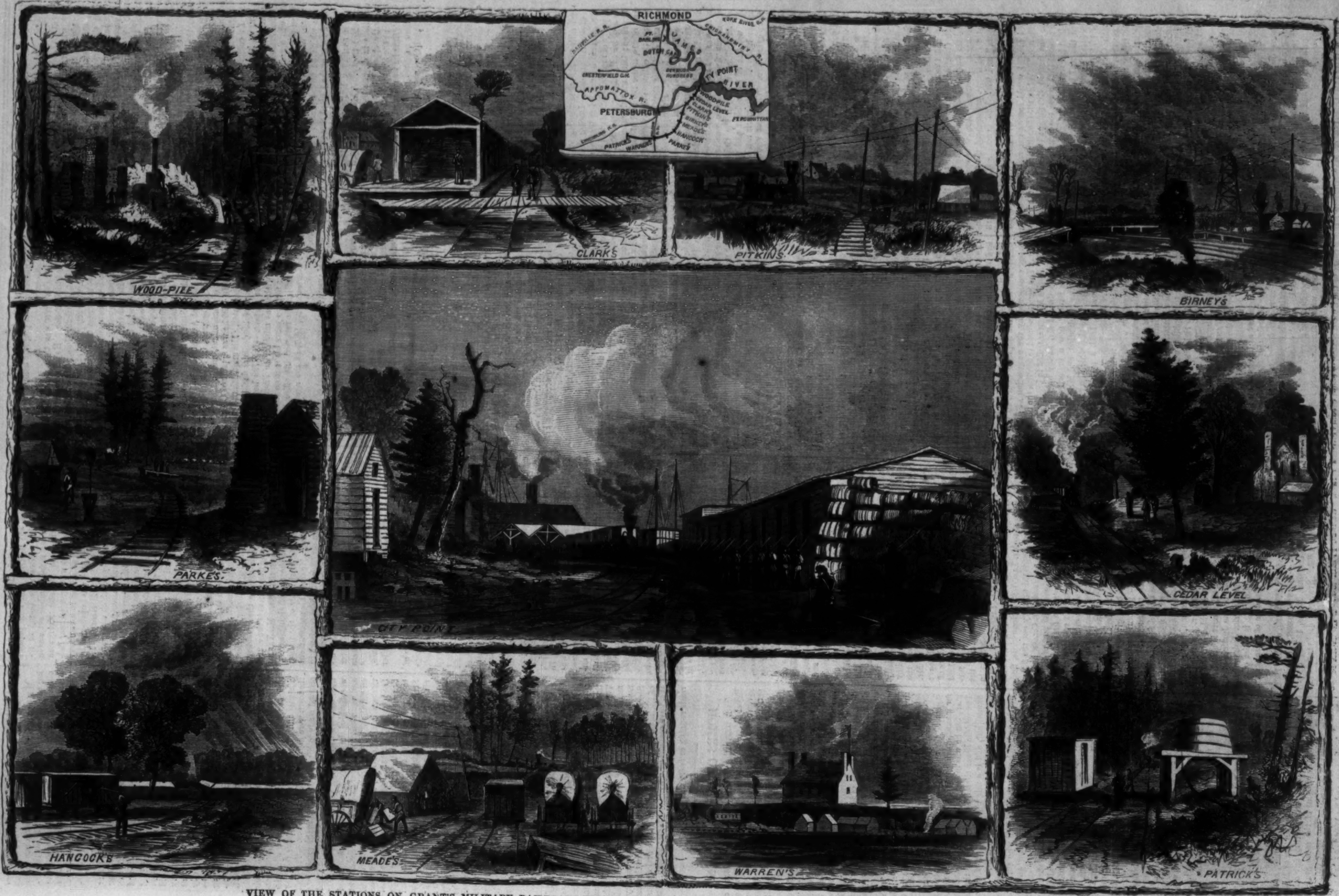


APPEARANCE OF THE REBEL RAM "ALBEMARLE," OCTOBER 31, 1862.



Plymouth.
Rebel Magazine exploded.
Shamrock.
Otsego.
Commodore Hull.
Baisly.

THE CAPTURE OF PLYMOUTH, NORTH CAROLINA, OCTOBER 31, 1864.—[SEE PAGE 822.]


WOOD-PILE
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MEADE'S
WARREN'S
PATRICK'S
RICHMOND
YORK RIVER R.R.
DANVILLE R.R.
FT. DARLING
JAMES
DUTCH GAP
CHICKAHOMINY R.
CHESTERFIELD C.H.
BERMUDA HUNDREDS
CITY POINT
RIVER
APPOMATTOX R.
PETERSBURG
WOODPILE
CEDAR LEVEL
CLARK'S
PITKIN'S
BIRNEY'S
MEADE'S
HANCOCK
PARKE'S
FT. POWHATTAN
LYNCHBURG R.R.
PATRICK'S
WARREN'S

VIEW OF THE STATIONS ON GRANT'S MILITARY RAILROAD, FROM CITY POINT TO HIS EXTREME LEFT.—From Sketches by A. W. Warren.—[See Page 822.]

CHIEF JUSTICES OF THE UNITED STATES.

John Jay, the first Chief Justice of the United States, was born in New York, December 12, 1745. He graduated at Kings (now Columbia) College, in 1764, and was admitted to the bar four years later. When the Revolutionary troubles came on he took a prominent part in the contest. He was the youngest member of the first Congress, which convened in 1774. We can barely allude to his civil services during the Revolution. In 1777 he prepared the draft of the Constitution of the State of New York, and was appointed the first Chief Justice of the State. In 1779 he was sent on a mission to Spain. That Government demanded as a condition of recognizing the independence of the United States, that the possession of Florida and the exclusive right to navigate the Mississippi should be guaranteed to Spain. Jay refused to consent that the mouth of our great river should be shut up by a foreign power. In conjunction with Adams, Franklin, and Laurens, Mr. Jay negotiated the treaty by which Great Britain recognized the Independence of the United States. In 1784 he returned to his country and was appointed Secretary for Foreign Affairs. When the Union took the place of the old Confederation, Washington requested him to select any office which he might prefer. He chose that of Chief Justice of the United States, to which he was appointed in 1789. In 1794 he was sent to Great Britain as Envoy Extraordinary, to negotiate an important treaty. This treaty, which settled the questions in dispute between the two nations, was violently opposed by the Democratic party, especially at the South. He was absent a year, during which time he was elected Governor of New York. He then resigned the Chief Justiceship, was twice re-elected Governor, and then, in 1801, at the age of fifty-six, resolved to retire from public life. President Adams, wishing to retain his services for the public, nominated him for his former place as Chief Justice, then vacant by the resignation of Oliver Ellsworth. Jay declined, on the ground that he had deliberately made up his mind to retire from public life, and duty to his country did not then require him to accept office. He retired to his farm in Bedford, New York, where he died May 17, 1829, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. While the question of the adoption of the Federal Constitution was before the people, Hamilton, M[illegible], and Jay projected the famous series of essays called the *Federalist*. Jay wrote the second, third, fourth, and fifth numbers, furnishing no more until the sixty-fourth number. During the greater part of the interval he was lying between life and death. A party of medical students had violated the grave to acquire subjects for dissection. They were put in prison; but a mob threatened their lives. Jay and others, under the lead of Hamilton, joined to prevent the outrage; they were set upon by the rioters, and Jay was struck on the temple by a stone, and almost killed. He recovered only in time to write the single additional paper, on a subject which he was especially requested to undertake. To this accident it is owing that the *Federalist*, valuable as it is, was not rendered still more valuable by contributions from one who was recognized as the ablest political writer in the United States. Mr. Jay was one of the noblest and purest characters in our history. Party-spirit ran higher in his day than ever since. The most virulent personal attacks were made by party writers and speakers. Washington himself did not escape detraction; but no man, except a few violent partisans in South Carolina, however much he might oppose his public policy, dared to asperse the perfect integrity of John Jay.

Upon the resignation of Mr. Jay, John Rutledge was nominated by the President as Chief Justice of the United States. He was born in 1739, in South Carolina, whither his father had emigrated from Ireland four years before. He studied law in the Temple in London, and returned to Charleston in 1761, where he at once gained the highest rank at the bar. He espoused the cause of the colonies at the outset of the troubles with Great Britain. In 1776 he was appointed President and Commander-in-Chief of the Colony of South Carolina. It was owing to him that Fort Moultrie was not abandoned to the enemy without a struggle. General Lee, who commanded the Continental troops, pronounced the fort a "slaughter-pen," and wished to evacuate it. Rutledge wrote to Moultrie, "General Lee wishes you to evacuate the fort. You will not without an order from me. I would sooner cut off my hand than write one." When the Constitution of South Carolina was framed Rutledge refused his assent, on the ground that it was too Democratic. He finally yielded his scruples, and was appointed Governor, with the real power of Dictator. In 1789 he was appointed Associate Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, and in 1791 Chief Justice of South Carolina. In 1795 he was nominated by Washington Chief Justice of the United States. The treaty negotiated by Jay with Great Britain excited a storm of indignation in South Carolina. Rutledge made a violent speech against it at Charleston, just two days before his appointment as Chief Justice reached him, in which he spoke in bitter language of the leaders of the then dominant Federal party, of which he had hitherto been considered a member. In August, 1795, he presided at a session of the Supreme Court, and in November started to hold a circuit in North Carolina, when he was attacked by sickness, and his mind was apparently affected. This, and the remembrance of his recent Charleston speech, induced the Senate to refuse to confirm his nomination—a refusal by no means disagreeable to the President, who was strongly in favor of Jay's treaty. Mortification at this rejection extinguished the last remnant of Rutledge's sanity, and he died in 1800 at the age of sixty-one.

The President then nominated as Chief Justice Judge William Cushing of Massachusetts; the nomination was confirmed; but Mr. Cushing, after holding the commission a few days, resigned on account of ill-health. As he never acted in that capacity his name does not properly belong to the list of Chief Justices.

Oliver Ellsworth was then nominated and confirmed as Chief Justice. He was born at Windsor, Connecticut, April 29, 1745. His studies commenced at Yale, were completed at Princeton, where he graduated at the age of twenty-three. For a time he was a teacher, then commenced the study of theology, but subsequently decided on the profession of law. He had then married, and his father gave him a farm of wild land and an axe. While slowly working his way at the bar he cleared his wild farm with his own hands. His early career gave no promise of future eminence; but the first upward steps once taken his progress was sure. He was appointed State's Attorney, and yearly elected to the General Assembly. In 1777 he was chosen delegate to Congress, in 1784 Judge of the Superior Court of Connecticut, and in 1789 Senator in Congress. In 1796 he was appointed Chief Justice of the United States. His unquestioned probity and the soundness of his judicial decisions gained him the highest respect. In 1799 he was sent, against his wishes, as minister to France, though still retaining for two years his seat on the bench. His health failing he resigned his office in 1801. He died November 26, 1807, at the age of sixty-two.

John Marshall, the most eminent of our Chief Justices, was born in Fauquier County, Virginia, September 24, 1755. His father was a farmer in narrow circumstances, but of decided ability. There were no schools in what was then the frontier region, and the early education of the future Chief Justice was conducted by his father, aided for about a year by the clergyman of the parish, with whom he began to read Horace and Livy. By his own unaided exertions he subsequently became a fair classical scholar, and was intimately acquainted with English literature. He had just begun the study of law when the war of the Revolution broke out. In 1775 he was appointed lieutenant in a company of minute men. He afterward became captain in a Virginia regiment of the Continental army, and was present at the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth. He pursued his legal studies at intervals during the war, and at its close commenced practice. He soon rose to eminence at the bar and in politics. He was one of the small but distinguished body of men through whose influence Virginia was induced to accept the Federal Constitution. In 1794 Washington offered him the post of Attorney-General, and subsequently the mission to France. Both offers were declined. The French Government having refused to receive Mr. Pinckney as minister, Mr. Adams, who was then President, appointed Mr. Marshall as one of three envoys to that country. Shortly after his return he yielded to the personal solicitations of Washington, and consented to become a candidate for Congress. President Adams at the same time offered him a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court, which was declined. He was elected to Congress, after a sharp contest, taking his seat in December, 1799. During the excited session which followed he was one of the ablest supporters of the administration of Mr. Adams. In May, 1800, he was nominated and confirmed as Secretary of War; but he declined to accept the appointment. Shortly after he accepted the post of Secretary of State. On the 31st of January, 1801, he was appointed Chief Justice of the United States, a position which he held for thirty-five years, until his death in July, 1835, at the age of eighty years. His unquestioned character, sound judgment, and felicitous diction, added to the long period during which he held his seat, and the magnitude of the questions which came before him for decision, entitle Mr. Marshall beyond all question to the first place in the noble list of our Chief Justices. Besides his judicial labors he was the author of a History of the American Colonies, and of a Life of Washington, which we must still regard as the best yet written.

Roger Brooke Taney was born in Calvert County, Maryland, March 17, 1777. In 1831 President Jackson appointed him Attorney-General of the United States. Two years later Mr. Duane, then Secretary of the Treasury, refused to remove the Government deposits from the United States Bank; he was removed, and Mr. Taney was appointed in his place. The Senate refused to confirm the nomination; but in the mean while Mr. Taney had obeyed the orders of the President and removed the deposits. Jackson then nominated him as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, to fill a vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Judge Duval. The Senate refused to confirm the nomination. Chief Justice Marshall died in 1835, and Jackson at once nominated Mr. Taney for the place. The Democrats having now a majority in the Senate confirmed the nomination, and Mr. Taney became Chief Justice—a position which he retained until his death, October 12, 1864, a period of twenty-seven years. Chief Justice Taney is best known by his famous "decision," or rather "opinion," in the Dred Scott case, in which, going beyond the question before the Court, he endeavored to settle the general question of the *status* of persons of African descent in the United States. Undeserved obloquy has been attached to him on account of a sentence in this opinion which apparently affirmed that blacks had no rights which whites were bound to respect. The context shows that this was the very reverse of the meaning intended to be conveyed by Judge Taney. He says that it is now difficult to realize the state of opinion on this subject held at the formation of our Government. Blacks were then regarded as beings of an inferior order, "*and so far inferior that they had no rights which the white man was bound to respect.*" This outrageous sentiment is mentioned only to be impliedly condemned. The "opinion" of the Chief Justice, harsh enough as he gave it, being to the effect that no person whose ancestors were imported to this country and sold as slaves had any right to sue in a court of the United States, or could become citizens of the United States. It is due to the honor of our highest judicial tribunal to state that the opinion of the Chief Justice did not affirm, but did by plain implication condemn, the doctrine that such persons "had no rights which whites were bound to respect." Mr. Taney's last notable public act was in May, 1861, when the case of John Merryman came before him. This man was arrested near Baltimore, on charge of being an officer in a company raised to aid the rebellion. He was imprisoned by the military authorities in Fort M'Henry. He prayed for a writ of *habeas corpus*, which was granted by Judge Taney. General Cadwalader, the commander, refused to obey, on the ground that the execution of the writ of *habeas corpus* had been suspended by the President in the State of Maryland. The Judge issued an order for the arrest of General Cadwalader. The Marshal was not allowed to serve the writ. Judge Taney thereupon prepared an opinion, denying the right of the President to suspend the writ, and affirming that it was the duty of all military officers to obey it. He added that if the officer had been brought before him he should have punished him by fine and imprisonment; but as he had no force capable of carrying his order into effect, he should report the whole case to the President, and call upon him to enforce the process of the court. No further action was had on the case. Mr. Taney died October 12, 1864, at the age of eighty-seven, having filled the chief judicial chair of the nation for twenty-seven years. He owed his appointment to the purely partisan services which he rendered to President Jackson. As a jurist he can not be ranked with the great men who had occupied his seat before him. His judicial integrity has never been impeached, even in the case of his unfortunate opinion in the Dred Scott case, or the later and equally unfortunate course in the Merryman case, by which he will be chiefly remembered in after years.

Salmon Portland Chase, now Chief Justice of the United States, was born in Cornish, New Hampshire, January 13, 1808. His father having died, he was sent at the age of twelve to Ohio, and placed under the care of his uncle, Bishop Chase. After studying for a year at Cincinnati College, he entered Dartmouth College in New Hampshire, from which he graduated in 1829. He went to Washington, where he opened a school, at the same time studying law under the direction of William Wirt. Having been admitted to the bar, he went to Cincinnati, and entered upon the practice of his profession. To this for some years he applied himself exclusively, taking no prominent part in politics, although he belonged to the Democratic party. In 1841 he first took a decided part in politics. He was then a member of the Convention of those opposed to the further extension of slavery, and was the author of the Address unanimously adopted by that body. He took a prominent part in all the subsequent movements having this end in view, and was President of the Free Soil Democratic Convention at Buffalo in 1848. The Democratic party in Ohio had at this time assumed the position of hostility to slavery in the Territories. Mr. Chase was chosen United States Senator in February, 1849, receiving the votes of all the Democratic members of the Legislature, together with those of others who were in favor of free soil. Though elected as a Democrat, he declared that if the party withdrew from its position in regard to slavery he should withdraw from it. This he did formally in consequence of the action of the Democratic Convention held at Baltimore in 1852. When the Republican party was organized Mr. Chase took the position of one of its acknowledged leaders. Soon after the close of his Senatorial term in 1855 he was elected Governor of Ohio. He was re-elected, his second term closing in 1860. In the Republican Convention at Chicago in that year he was next after Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward the leading candidate for the Presidency. He had in the mean time been again elected to the Senate of the United States, and had he taken his place would undoubtedly have been the leader in that body. But he resigned his seat in order to accept the position of Secretary of the Treasury—a position for which he was especially pointed out by the success of his financial policy while Governor of Ohio. It is honorable to all the persons that the three leading competitors of Mr. Lincoln for the Presidential nomination should have received and accepted his nomination as members of his Cabinet. As the Presidential canvass of 1864 approached a strong effort was made to bring forward Mr. Chase as the Union candidate; but the current of popular feeling was so unmistakably in favor of the re-election of Mr. Lincoln that Mr. Chase refused to become a candidate, and gave his cordial support to Mr. Lincoln. Meanwhile, finding that Congress hesitated to carry out the financial system which he proposed, Mr. Chase had on the 30th of June, 1864, resigned the post of Secretary of the Treasury. Almost the first important public act of Mr. Lincoln after his re-election has been to appoint Mr. Chase to the most important position within the executive nomination. Mr. Chase enters upon the duties of his high office at the age of fifty-six, with a sound legal reputation, and with a physical vigor which gives reason to hope that he may be able to perform its duties for a period as long as that of his predecessor.

The Supreme Court of the United States consists of a Chief Justice, with a salary of $6500, and nine Associate Justices, with salaries of $6000. It holds one session annually at Washington, commencing on the first Monday of December. For judicial purposes the United States are divided into ten circuits, in each of which a Circuit Court is held twice a year for each State by one of the Justices of the Supreme Court, and by the District Judge of the State or District. The following is a list of the Justices of the Court, with the date of their several appointments:

Chief Justice.—Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio, 1864.

Associate Justices.—John Catron, Tennessee, 1837. Nathan Clifford, Maine, 1858. David Davis, Illinois, 1863. Stephen J. Field, California, 1863. Robert C. Grier, Pennsylvania, 1846. Samuel F. Miller, Iowa, 1862. Samuel Nelson, New York, 1845. Noah H. Swayne, Ohio, 1862. James M. Wayne, Georgia, 1835.

CAPTURE OF PLYMOUTH, N.C.

We engrave on page 820 four illustrations relating to the recent Capture of Plymouth, North Carolina. One of these gives a view on the Roanoke River, on which Plymouth is situated; the others relate to the battle which resulted in the capture of the city, and the appearance of the rebel ram *Albemarle* after the blowing off of her casemate.

On Monday morning, October 31, the fleet, under Commodore Macomb, having succeeded in making the passage up Middle River into the Roanoke, two miles above Plymouth, formed in line of battle and steamed down the river at 11 A.M., in the following order: *Hull*, *Shamrock*, *Otsego*, *Wyalusing*, *Tacony*, and tugs *Martin* and *Baisly*. The *Hull* is an old New York ferry-boat, and has been in a great many fights, always doing good service. She was sent ahead, being able to fire two heavy guns directly forward. She signaled that all was right, and the fleet steamed on, the pilot picking his way among the obstructions. As it rounded a bend it encountered a battery of 9-inch guns half a mile distant. As each ship came within range a terrific broadside of grape and canister was delivered within their works, driving all from before it. Three more batteries were then encountered and engaged, while the rifle-pits and store-houses along the water front of the town were filled with sharp-shooters. The *Hull* seemed ready to lift into the air from the explosions around her and beneath her guards. She stopped, and the *Shamrock* dashed past, and as her steering gear was disabled she was severely cut up, and many dead and wounded crowded her deck. Thus the fight went on till the rebel magazine was exploded, scattering timbers in all directions, and setting the town on fire in several places. From this moment the rebel fire slackened, and a party landing from the ships took possession of the forts, raising the Stars and Stripes at 30 minutes past 12. The retreating rebels were pursued by shell from the *Tacony* and *Wyalusing*, producing great slaughter among them: and within an hour none remained except some fifty prisoners. The *Albemarle* was found sunk at the wharf. The captain had endeavored to disable her as much as possible by exploding a torpedo in her casemate the day after she was sunk by Lieutenant Cushing. She now lies on the bottom, with only the upper part of her casemate out of water, and the top of that blown completely off.

GRANT'S MILITARY RAILROAD.

On page 821 we engrave a series of sketches, giving a plan of Grant's Military Railroad from City Point on the James River to Patrick's Station on the left, with views of the several stations. The road follows in general the line of our intrenchments. The line is of such length as to render this rapid means of communication a military necessity. Since General Grant first took a position in the rear of Richmond his works, both offensive and defensive, have reached a high degree of elaboration. Besides this railroad there is a "gridiron" of corduroy roads running in every direction.

HOMES OF REBEL WOMEN.

The interesting illustrations of the Homes of Rebel Women, sketched by William Waud and given on pages 824 and 825, may be relied on for their perfect accuracy, being drawn from life. When General Butler's Provost-Marshal visited the different houses on or near our picket line to remove families, sending them through the lines at Suffolk, our artist accompanied him. He writes: "I never saw such destitution. The centre picture, the girl and baby in cradle, was one of the first we visited. Her husband and all her male relatives were in the Southern army, and she was alone, with nothing in the shape of food or drink in the hut, sitting sadly, rocking her child beside the cold and empty fire-place.

"In another house we found a woman with a number of little children, stooping over a wretched fire parching corn, the sole thing eatable in the house.

"In another, two girls were rubbing corn on sheets of tin nailed to boards, a rude contrivance for manufacturing meal. In this house we found a man, but he was in bed, helpless with rheumatism. The middle lower sketch is the outside of the last-named hut, and is a fair representation of style of residence inhabited by these unfortunates.

"In another house the women were aged, and nearly as helpless as the children who surrounded them. However, they were spinning and doing some kind of needle-work, which, they said, had formerly supported them. The room shown was their bedchamber, kitchen, sitting-room, all in one.

"The woman taking the oath of allegiance is one living within our lines, and being destitute, draws rations from the Commissary Department. By a late order all persons living within our lines above the age of sixteen, male or female, must take the oath of allegiance to the United States or go through the lines.

"The sketch of shell bursting in a house is an incident that occurred lately. In the house shown in the sketch of the fight near our rifle-pits a lady was badly wounded, and two children slightly, by the bursting of a shell, which also killed her dog; and her boy was wounded by a Minié ball. In all the houses we visited we found no males between fifteen and fifty."

GUERRILLA DEPREDATIONS.

The two illustrations on page 829 refer us to scenes of frequent occurrence along the border line separating the Union and Rebel armies, and in the border States. The northern portion of Missouri is more infested with this scourge than any other section. There the citizens of the same State are arrayed against each other. The most daring guerrilla operations of this war have been performed by Mosby in the east, and by Morgan and his fellows in the west

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Long time ago the dawn of day
  Streamed through the low roof thatched and torn,
Where in the straw-clad manger lay
  The Christ-child of the Virgin born.

The sun's glance touched the sleeping rills,
  And chased away the gloom of night,
It flooded all those fruitful hills,
  And smote high Bethlehem's hall with light.

And in the East arose a star,
  High over Judah on that morn,
The wise men saw it from afar,
  And knew the great Messiah was born.

To-day with reverent hearts we keep
  Sacred the memory of His birth
Who summoned from the grave's hushed sleep
  Dead Lazarus back again to earth.

Who gave the multitude to eat—
  At whose command the tempest ceased—
Whose feet with spikenard, rare and sweet,
  Mary anointed at the feast.

Through His atonement draw we nigh;
  GREAT GOD OF BATTLES! unto Thee
We lift our feeble voices high,
  Grasp Thou the sword of victory.

Let harsh oppression pass away,
  And want and sin from off the earth,
And ever sacred be the day
  That gave the blessed Saviour birth.

Let black-winged pestilence disappear,
  And war with all its horrors cease,
And may we in the tempest hear
  The solemn voice of Christ say "Peace!"

SANTA CLAUS'S WISH COUNCIL.

It was a busy time with the generous old gentleman, for this was the night of his famous Wish Council; and the knotted brows of his Secretary Blazius, and the piles of memoranda by which he was surrounded, testified to the amount of business on hand, while the air was full of the impalpable, but to him plainly visible forms of the Wishes. Some were jolly and rosy in their intangibility, even giving signs of mortal obesity; some sweet and airy, in their impalpable delicacy. Others, hungry, eager, starvingly thrust these rosy vapors, and stretched forth bony fingers beseechingly to the genial Saint, as he stood smiling before his wide-mouthed, glowing fire-place. In the instant that the formless Wish gained form and substance its supplication was carefully recorded by the nearly distracted Secretary, and it faded forever into nothingness. There were visions of fair children, with golden curls and rosy lips, begging, stocking in hand, for candy and toys; of spare and stout gentlemen with spectacles, desirous of rare editions of choice authors; of stylish dames who longed for point, thread, or Honiton, or *moires*, velvet, or glacé; young girls beseeching vapory evening dresses, and all manner of gold and gear; of ragged children longing for a mere glimmer of Christmas joy, for a crumb from a rich man's table; of gaunt men in ragged uniforms begging for letters, for sympathy, for common food and clothing, for deliverance from prison, and vermin, and starvation; of other men not so gaunt and prison-worn, brave, hardy, and enduring, yet turning loyally to the dear fireside for the light and warmth of the Christmas cheer which may not be denied them. And sadder sights than these were shadowy women, with begging rags, starving cheeks, and fingers pricked and bleeding; asking fires, blankets, food for the workers, medicines and care for the sick; thrusting out ill-spelled bills for unpaid work in skeleton hands; and fair, bright girls fading away over desks, over needle-work, and asking not to be forgotten by those who had been their guests in happier days, when their best friend filled a soldier's saddle and not a soldier's grave.

The smile died away from the lips of the Saint, and he walked anxiously up and down the room.

"Something must be done," said he, "different from what has ever been done before. The days when the reindeer and I could manage this thing are over. One of Grant's wagon-trains could not carry the things I am expected to deliver. The days when a tiny stocking full of candy and nuts, a cake and a primer, or a squawking dog and a jumping-jack would satisfy a child, appear to have passed away forever. Here's Fenella M'Flimsey wants a gold tea-set for her doll, and Katarina Von Trondelbedde wants a velvet cloak and royal ermines. Does she indeed! I've a great mind to bring her a switch, as I have done in old times! And forty thousand others as reasonable as they. Fact is, I won't stand it!" and the old fellow grew so warm that he threw off his mink dressing-gown, and kicked his slippers vigorously into one corner. "Blazius! fetch me my buffalo-skin capote, and see that the reindeer are ready in six seconds;" and the old gentleman flew round in a style quite astonishing in one of his age. "I'll see the parents themselves, and try to talk a little common sense into them. But what's this?"

Only three dolls—mother and daughters—four if you count the Topsy, who carried their white opera-cloaks over her arm. Mamma Doll in velvet and point-lace, a diamond pin confining the tiny collar. Daughter Clementine in white satin and bridal veil, and pearls, real pearls, on her waxen neck. Sister Belinde as a bridemaid in silk and blond.

"Your servant, ladies," bowed Santa Claus—and if he could have blushed at his own disarray he would have done so, had not nature anticipated any movement in that direction by tinging both cheeks and nose with the deepest carnation—"and what can I do for you?"

"We have a great favor to ask, Sir," replied Mamma Doll; "we are in grief, too, though that is not what we came to say to you. We were once a very happy family when Miss Katarina dressed us in merino, and Clementine was engaged to the Zouave. But at the height of this gold went up, Kattie's father made a fortune, and the poor Zouave was utterly demolished by the poker accidentally falling upon him as he lay on the rug in front of the fire. And Kattie, instead of asking Aunt Olive to mend up our poor friend, took him up—oh, horrors! she threw him into the blazing grate. Imagine the feelings of a doll of sensibility at this awful moment! And all Kattie would say was,

"'My papa is rich; he'll buy me nozzer one.'

"I knew of poor Clementine's attachment. I longed to fly to her, but you know we can not stir till bedtime of our own will. In the mean time Aunt Olive captured our prostrate forms, carried us off to her room, and arrayed us as you see, announcing that she was going to marry Clementine to Lord Dundreary, whoever he is, and that the wedding was to take place in the new play-house on Christmas-eve. Meanwhile we lie hid in Aunt Olive's bureau drawer."

"Indeed," sobbed out poor Clementine, "I'd far rather marry the broken Zouave than this dreadful Dundreary, who is certain to be horrid, if I do have pearls and satin to wear!"

"Yours is certainly a hard case," replied Santa Claus, who had listened attentively; "but it don't seem to be a case for my interference exactly."

"That is what I am coming to," said Mamma Doll. "Of course you can not restore us the poor Zouave from his ashy grave; but while we were under Aunt Olive's care a poor woman came in (the widow Pettibone, you know her) to bring home some shirts she had been making, and the drawer wasn't quite shut, and we couldn't help hearing what was said. She shivered, and came near the fire, and looked so hungrily at the children who were lunching on buttered rolls and cold chicken that Arthur told Kattie to offer her some; but Kattie said, 'She wanted all there was—there was none too much for her.'

"Then the children ran off to play, and Aunt Olive took us out and began to work on our dresses; and Mrs. Trondelbedde gave Mrs. Pettibone five dollars, and blamed her for soiling them so much while making them. Then Mrs. Pettibone sighed, and looked at our dresses (*we* could not help them, you know), and I heard her mutter,

"'All that money on a lot of trumpery dolls, and my Nellie dying at home without one comfort!'

"Now, when I heard her I was greatly grieved, and wished I could help her; but we're only dolls. Now, Sir, if you *can* help her, please do it, and do it quickly."

Blazius now announced the team, and Santa Claus, blowing his nose fiercely on his red bandana, offered seats to the dolls in his sleigh.

Hastily equipping himself in his furs for his night-ride, while Topsy wrapped her mistresses in their opera cloaks, the old gentleman handed them in politely, though poor Clementine sobbed under her hood all the way home. Tying his team to the lightning-rod, he helped the dolls in through the flue of Aunt Olive's room, and, dropping another story, made his most unexpected appearance before Myndert Von Trondelbedde and his drowsy wife as they dozed before the parlor grate.

"Servant, Sir," was the salutation of the Saint.

Now Myndert was not a stout old Dutchman, as you may suppose, but a descendant of a Dutchman—the man whose hand always weighed a pound and his foot two, when he balanced a big bundle of skins which he was purchasing of some poor wretch of an Indian, and consequently Myndert was rich. Myndert and his wife looked very much astonished, as well they might; but they had been at Mrs. Latetoroost's grand ball the night before, and were too sleepy to do any thing but stare drowsily at the apparition before them, and Myndert stolidly returned the polite bow of the Saint.

Santa Claus brushed off the coal soot from his furs, threw back his capote, and wiped his face as he sat down.

"I am St. Nicholas, at your service; and you are Mr. Myndert Von Trondelbedde, I believe."

Myndert nodded, in great amazement.

"My business is to talk to you concerning Christmas. I have been listening all night to the wishes of every body for the holiday season. Time was when I was equal to the demand; but it would take a stocking big enough for Giant Blunderbore to hold all that the children ask for, or a sugar-maple, if they have a Christmas-tree; and the wishes of the grown folks absolutely have *no* limits. The children want gold and silver tea-sets for their dolls, and velvets and royal ermines for themselves; and the grown-ups want every thing they ever heard of. Now, Sir, it's time to stop this nonsense. Children are just as happy with a rag-doll or a jack-knife and a handful of candy as with all this nonsense. And, if you do it to get talked of, you'd answer your end far better to give the money to the soldiers, or the prisoners, or the Orphan Asylum, or the poor at your very doors. There's the widow Pettibone, in the next street, who makes your shirts—she has a daughter as fair as your Bertha, and far whiter, for she's dying—dying, Sir, of the prick of the needle—dying for the lack of beef and bread—for the want of fire and water, and the very air of heaven, Sir. And the women who are making up your contract of army clothing are white and thin and hungry, and your pay for sewing don't go up as gold does, nor does beef and coal go down as gold goes down, whenever that happens. And besides them, there's a lot of blessed fellows just released from rebel prisons. God bless the boys! They're half starved, half naked; but their hearts are all right, and give 'em a welcome home that the country'll be proud to remember. And Major Summons, who was shot at the head of his column in Sheridan's fight, d'ye know how poor his family are going to be? And d'ye remember Private Rogers, who was your book-keeper, who died of fever; and his mother is old, and lives down Five Hundredth Street, and nearly starves with hunger and cold and sorrow. He was her only son, but she did not hold him back. Now, Sir, you meant to leave these and pass by on the other side, while you was willing enough to help me get the gold tea-set, and the velvets and ermine, and point-lace and diamonds, and flummery generally; and I've got to drive past these windows, and see the pale faces, and hear the cold, ragged, little children praying for Santa Claus to bring them their share of goodies; and I can't do it, Sir—I can't do it, and you and yours are responsible."

And the peppery old fellow actually rose and shook his brown fist in the face of the gentleman with the blond mustache, who began to fidget nervously.

"I don't know that you are worse than the rest, Sir, but you've all much to answer for. What I want done is something effectual. Call a meeting and systematize the matters. Raise sewing wages. No danger of gout from high living if you double them. Give a thousand dollars to the poor. It's only the cost of one ball-dress, and see a little to its distribution personally. Look to it that the poor, whom ye have always with you, have a bit of beef or turkey on my Master's birthday, and I'll take it kindly if you lynch a dozen or two gold brokers besides. It'll help matters in the long-run. Now what will you do, Sir? I can't do a thing without your help. There are as many slippers embroidered each year as would supply New York if every man was a centipede, and hundreds of poor folk going barefooted. Why, Sir, I should think that when the blessed Christmas comes, and the odor of the fir-tree, and pine, and the spruce, and the hemlock goes up like an offering, and the churches stand open, and the *Gloria in excelsis* peals up from the organs you would feel your hearts grow so warm that you'd fairly run over with loving-kindness—I should indeed;" and Santa Claus threw open his fur coat and mopped his forehead.

"I should think you'd remember the blessed Babe of Bethlehem, and how poor and humble both he and his friends were, and remember that the first of all Christmas gifts were for Him; and when you say from your hassocks that you're 'miserable sinners,' try to take a practical view of the subject, and make an effort to do better with the blessed Christ assisting you. Why, Sir, on that day the dens and holes of the city will all be filled, and they'll cry out, 'Merry Christmas!' with their burning throats, and take my Master's name in vain, and I can't help it, Sir. They'd not do so if they'd a decent Christmas at home; but they've only a few cents, and whisky is not so high as beef and turkey, nor does rum cost like coals, and it keeps one warm too, after a fashion. I'm not used to talking so much, but I am roused now and *must* speak. You know that if gold and prices do go up a fixed income is not elastic, nor are wages very much more so; but Wall Street piles up its riches, and luxury and waste riot over the land, and salt won't save the country if this thing goes on. Let the young folks frolic, as I taught them to long ago, and enjoy it, old and young together; but for Christ's sake don't make me drive to your chimneys past so many that know no fire, no dinner, and where there must be empty stockings where there are any at all. Rather than do it, Sir, I'll sell the reindeer to the Hudson Bay Fur Company and turn tin peddler myself."

And the jolly Saint, now thoroughly in earnest, drew his capote over his head, bounded into the ashy grate, rumbled his way up to the top of the chimney, and was seen no more. Nothing remained of the wonderful visitor but two tiny pools of sooty snow-water on the hearth-rug where his boots had rested.

Myndert turned to his wife.

"Lena," said he at length (it was "Laney" years ago, but now things had changed), "there's a good deal of truth in what that queer old fellow said just now."

Lena came to her husband and put her soft milk-white hand on his shoulder. It looked like a white butterfly resting on the crimson dressing-gown.

"I'm afraid it's *all* true, and we forget that we are only God's stewards. I never thought of all this before. I thought that we had so much money, such a great plenty, that it was right to spend a great deal on ourselves and the children. I see now that we should not forget all of those who are not so blessed. It is true about Nellie Pettibone, I did forget about her. I thought it was no concern of mine; but I'll remember her, I won't wait till Christmas even. God forgive me that I forgot so much and so long!"

And poor little Lena's blue eyes filled and ran over, and Myndert had nothing to do but draw her down on the arm of his chair and comfort her. Myndert was not really bad, only thoughtless, like so many.

"I've been an awfully careless fellow, too," said he, "but I shall not take Van Dam's horses now. I'll do better."

And so he did—for on Christmas-day there was both fire and feast in Widow Pettibone's two rooms, and for all the rest of the winter days that came after; and Nellie did not die, and lie cold and pale in the light of Christmas morning, as her mother had feared; and many other poor hungry pantries grew savory with Christmas cheer; and pale faces brightened, and gaunt faces rounded, and Santa Claus grew redder and jollier than ever, that he did not have to pass by those poor little empty stockings toward which his big honest heart so kindly yearned.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

A discovery of some antiquarian and artistic value has just been made at Rome. An old palace, which had long been vacant, was purchased by Signor Righetti, in one of the dirtiest parts of Rome, called the Biscione; it is close to the Piazza Campo dei Fiori, and not far from the Farnese Palace. Extensive repairs were indispensable, for the building was in a very rickety state, and on setting people to work to dig for a foundation they came upon a red marble pavement, thirty feet below the present level of this part of Rome; and here, likewise, they found a piece of building, the sides formed of brick and the roof of large blocks of travertine; on several of the blocks are seen, large and well cut, the letters F C S, which, as yet, the archæologists can not explain. Great difficulty was encountered in consequence of the hole continually filling with water, but a steam-engine was procured to work the pumps, which were plied night and day, and the apartment was found to contain a magnificent gilt bronze statue of a youthful Hercules, 14 feet high. Over the gilding, which is very thick and bright, is a rough calcareous incrustation, which must be carefully removed before the beauty of the statue can be thoroughly appreciated. It was found imbedded in marble chips, such as form the sweepings of a sculptor's studio, and also wedged in by masses of architectural fragments. Inside the figure was found a very pretty little female head sculptured in Parian marble. The back hair is gathered up in a net, much in the style as worn by ladies in the present day, and which fashion prevailed from the time of Heliogabalus down to Constantine, as we see by referring to other statues and busts. The period of art to which this little bust belongs is that of Constantine, and therefore inferior. Other relics may yet be found in the statue, which is far from empty. The coins found in and about the statue were those of Domitian, Decius, and Maximinius, commonly styled the Herculean. There were likewise coins of the Lower Empire. As a work of art this statue is far superior to that found in the Forum Boarium, which is also gilt bronze, and is now in the Capitol. It may once have stood in the Temple of Hercules, whence it may have been removed and buried in later times, to prevent its being carried off by the despoilers of Rome. There are, however, some who insist that it is a portrait of Domitian represented as Hercules. It has been raised to within ten feet of the surface, and men are busy exploring, in the hope of finding one of the feet, which is missing. The club has come up in three pieces, and the lion's skin, which has hung over the shoulder (similar to that of the Theban Hercules in the Vatican), and which has evidently been cast separately, is especially interesting, as showing the mode in which the ancients executed their work of casting.

A singular method of robbing alms-boxes at churches has been instanced in a case at the Marylebone police-court, London, a man named Eugene Albert, a native of Belgium, being the prisoner. It appeared that one evening, while the service was going on in Spanish Place Roman Catholic Chapel, the chinking of money was repeatedly heard in the immediate vicinity of the donation boxes, and upon each occasion the prisoner, who wore a very large Inverness cape, was seen near them. Suspicion was excited, and he was given into custody. On him was found a sticky substance like gum or glue, a piece of leather from the bottom of one of the boxes, and by his side a stout piece of crinoline steel about a foot in length, at the end of which was a quantity of the sticky matter. In his possession was found £1 8s. 10½*d.* in silver and copper, all of which had the gum or glue upon them. It was shown how the money could be abstracted. The end of the steel to the extent of about an inch being thickly covered with the adhesive substance, this end was put into the aperture through which the money is dropped and tightly forced upon the money. It was then drawn out with a coin attached. The man was remanded, it being suspected that other robberies recently committed at London churches and chapels may be traced to him.

A venerable Quaker lady, who for three years has been traversing our land, visiting hospitals and camps and alleviating the sufferings of our soldiers wherever found, preached to a very large audience in this city one evening, and in the course of her truly eloquent and thrilling remarks stated that while for two hundred years war had been discountenanced by their sect, they believed that if it was ever justifiable it was so in the present struggle.

She related many touching incidents illustrative of the power of the Christian faith in sustaining suffering and dying soldiers. One incident was as follows: While in Nashville, Tennessee, she approached the bedside of a youth, who in his delirium talked of nothing but the battle-field; the attendants told her it would be useless to address him upon the subject of religion, as nothing intelligible could be gathered from his ravings; his knapsack, clothing, and every thing had been lost upon the field, and he could not tell where he was from, his regiment, or even his name, and must die in a very few hours, unknown and perhaps unwept. The lady remembered that there was a name that would sometimes recall the wandering mind and give peace and comfort to the dying, even when a mother's tender voice had failed, and stooping by his side she gently whispered:

"Jesus can make a dying bed
  Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lay my head,
  And breathe my life out sweetly there;"

when the sufferer opened his eyes and exclaimed, "Mother, I knew you would come!" and again closed his eyes. She repeated another stanza of this beautiful hymn, when he looked up in her face and calmly said, "Mother, I am going to Jesus," and sunk back in death. Another case was that of a little drummer-boy, who had recognized no one since his fall, and had given little evidence of consciousness; he was very near his end, and she whispered in his ear,

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
  Let me hide myself in thee"—

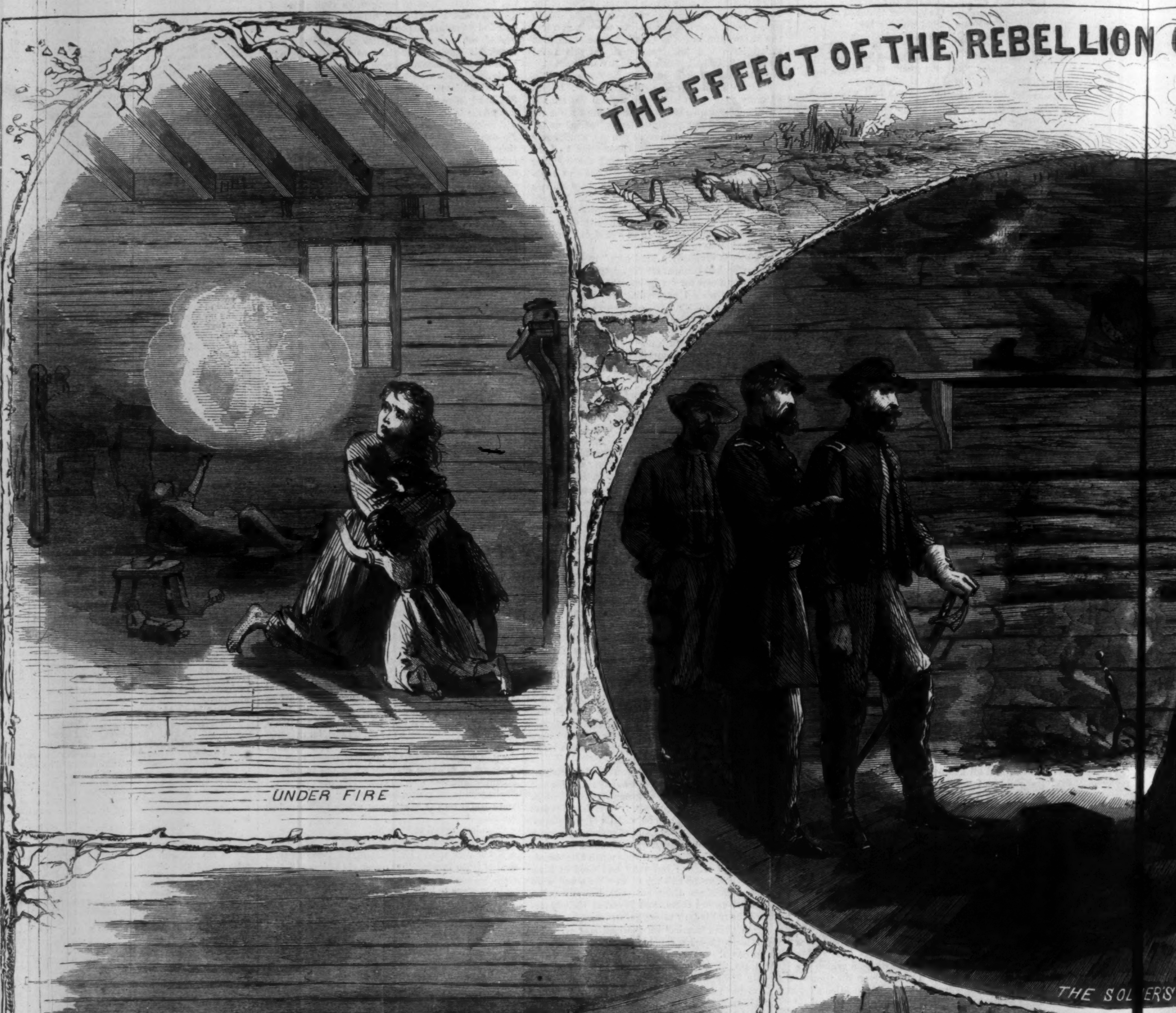
when the countenance of the brave youth brightened up, and he followed with the second stanza of this immortal song, saying his mother had taught him that hymn, and he had often sung it in Sunday-school, and after a few minutes' conversation he expressed a hope in the Saviour and fell asleep to wake no more to earthly scenes. Time will never record the many deeds of Christian love which these good people are constantly performing in their quiet, simple way, but eternity will show a record as brilliant as the crown they seek. Opposed to both war and oppression, they see that the latter can only be overthrown by the former; and while unwilling to surrender their peculiar views, are heartily with us in the desire that both rebellion and slavery may be overthrown.

In a little work entitled "Our Peculiarities," by Viscountess Combermere, there is the following fine tribute to the class of old maids: "These single women, whom it is the cant of society to ridicule, may have often postponed their own settlement in life from the highest motives; filial devotion has, perhaps, engrossed them so entirely in early life that no selfish object diverted them from its holy duties. It was sufficient to satisfy affection and to supersede hope; for the devoted, generous child, from the intensity of her love, has felt that the future must ever be a blank, when the interest that engrosses the present is withdrawn by death; and this dreary prospect adds another motive to her tenderness. Unselfish as woman is under all circumstances, she is here more regardless of herself than in any other position. In married life she yields to her husband, who is her support and companion till death; to her children she looks for care and affection in age, but no consideration of future happiness or present pleasure encourages the patient daughter, as she watches day and night by the invalid mother, or the decrepit father. Here is the purest love, unsullied by one sensual thought as its origin or its object; no instinct prompts it, no animal impulse strengthens it; the holiest feeling that fills the human heart, it yields only in purity to the love of God."

Alexander Weill, a French writer of considerable erudition, was at one time assisted by Meyerbeer, the celebrated composer, in the preparation of a work. This was a short time before Meyerbeer's death. As a reward for his friendly assistance Weill tried to cheer him with the hope that he would soon be "admitted into the substantial essence that Spinoza calls God."

"Hum! hum!" retorted the master, "I hope that the substantial essence may do without me for a short time!"

The following curious facts are from a work which has just appeared under the title, "De la Longévité Humaine," by Dr. Guyétant, who has himself reached the patriarchal age of 88. In 1777 average life in France did not exceed 23 years. In 1798 it had risen to 26 years and three months. In 1836 it was 33 years, and at present it has reached the very high figure of 39, an increase of six years within a period of 28 years. This is evidently owing, first, to the great efforts made of late to remove insalubrious nuisances, to provide towns with a proper system of sewerage, to drain marshes, etc., and then to the great progress made in medicine, and the abundance of wholesome food and every necessary comfort now at the command of all but the hopelessly indigent, who are of themselves the object of much greater solicitude than formerly. There exists intimate connection between the longevity of animals and the time of their gestation and subsequent growth. The gestation of the rabbit last 30 days; that of man nine months; that of the elephant two years. The stag attains its full stature in the course of six years, and it lives about 40. In man the bones increase in length until 20, and in thickness until 40. M. Fleurens fixes the natural term of man's life at 100 years. Death in man appears to be neither more nor less than ossification arrived at its extreme limit.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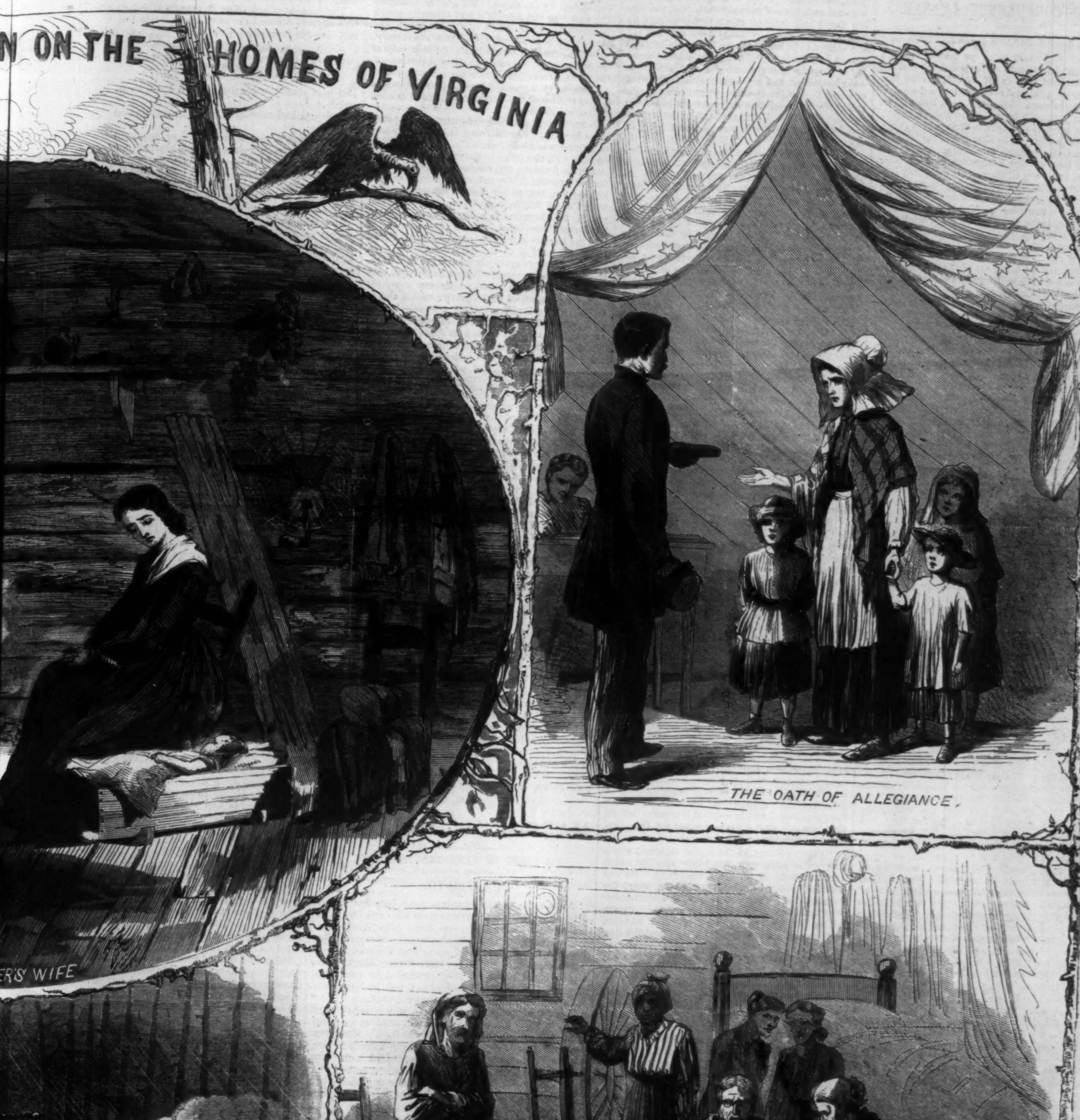
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THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.

THE GRANDMOTHERS

DINING—CORPULENCY—LEANNESS.

No. I.—ON DINING AND DINERS.

ANIMALS feed; man eats; the man of intellect alone knows *how* to eat. The Creator, in making it obligatory on man to eat to live, invites him thereto by appetite, and rewards him by the pleasure he experiences. Therefore good living is an act of our judgment, by which we give preference to things agreeable to taste to those which do not possess that quality. The pleasures of the table are for all ages, all conditions, all countries, and of great variety; they are the concomitants of all other pleasures, and when all the rest are gone, they console us for our loss. In fact, the discovery of a new dish does more for the happiness of mankind than the discovery of a new planet. Men who eat hastily, or get drunk, do not know how to eat or drink. It is a common saying, "Tell me what you eat, and how you eat, and I will tell you what you are." The art of dining is quite distinct from the art of giving dinners; yet every one must allow that gastronomy is a science well worthy the study of persons of intellect of both sexes; and it will lead them to the conviction that a little more study in the selection of their dishes, in the management of their kitchen, and due attention to the comfort of their guests will enhance tenfold the pleasures of the table, and make their dinners select. It is said that a dinner without cheese is like a pretty woman with only one eye; so a man who invites friends to dinner and takes no personal interest in his dinner is not worthy of friendship.

If we are to credit ancient writers, their banquets were great festivals. Fish and game were always to be had, though the demand made prices run high. Reclining on couches covered with purple, every art was brought into requisition to satisfy the senses. The good cheer was heightened by agreeable converse, and dining became a science. After the third course singers were introduced, and conversation relaxed. Learned men devoted their pen to describe these enjoyments. Great writers traveled by land and sea to discover where what was most delicate for the table was produced. When Rome became the centre of the riches of the world, the luxury of the table was carried to a degree almost incredible. From the locust to the ostrich, from the dormouse to the wild boar, every thing was tasted. Fish was an especial object of luxury, and was brought from distant lands in pots of honey. But it was chiefly in the accessories of the repasts that this gigantic luxury was carried to an extreme. All the furniture requisite for the banquet was of costly material or exquisite workmanship. The number of courses was gradually increased till it exceeded twenty; and after each course every thing which had served for the previous course was removed, and fresh supplied. The most delicate perfumes embalmed the banquet-hall. A master of ceremonies announced the merit of the dishes most worthy of special attention—the claims they possessed to this sort of ovation; in fact, nothing was omitted of a nature to sharpen the appetite, keep alive the attention, and prolong enjoyment.

Under Charlemagne dinners assumed a gallant and chivalrous aspect. Fair ladies embellished his court; they awarded prizes to the brave; the pheasant was served up with big golden claws, and the peacock with his magnificent tail was brought in and placed on the table of princes by pages in rich liveries of gold, and by gentle virgins whose innocence heightened their charms. Women even of the highest rank did not think it beneath their dignity to oversee their kitchens, and the duties of hospitality became as sacred as they were in France at the end of the seventeenth century. Under their pretty fingers some of the dishes assumed fantastic appearances. The eel was served up in the form of a serpent, the hare with the ears of a cat.

It was Louis XIV. who had the Épine d'Été—*la bonne poire*, as he called it—brought from the East; and it is to his old age that we are indebted for *liqueurs*. This Prince had occasional fits of weakness, and that difficulty to live which so often manifests itself about sixty. Brandy, mixed with sugar and perfumes, was administered to him in potions he called "Cordial potions." This was the origin of liqueurs. It may be observed that about this same period the culinary art flourished at the Court of England. Queen Anne was fond of good cheer. She did not think it beneath her dignity to converse with her cook; and English cookery-books contain many dishes "after Queen Anne's fashion."

The Duke of Orleans, a *spirituel* prince, worthy of friendship, invited his friends to repasts as delicate as they were well selected. From the most authentic sources we learn that the most delicate *piqués, matelotes* as tasty as on the river's banks, and turkeys gloriously truffled, were the favorites.

Peculiar qualities have been attributed to truffles. We give an anecdote regarding them by a French writer, which, gentle reader, you had better not read:

"I questioned an old lady friend of mine whether there was any truth in the common opinion that truffles had an influence upon the heart.

"'Sir,' she said, 'in the days when suppers were still the fashion, I was supping one day *en trio* with my husband and one of his friends. Verseuil (that was his name) was a handsome young man, not devoid of wit, and a constant visitor at our house; but he never said any thing to me to make me fancy he wanted to make love; and when he did pay me little attentions they were paid with so much good nature that a woman must have been a fool to have heeded them. It seems that this evening we were destined to be alone, as my husband had an appointment on business. Our supper was light, but we had a superb *volaille truffée*, sent to me as a present by the sub-delegate of Perigueux. At that day it was a rare present. The truffles were delicious, and, as you know, I love them; but I was moderate, and drank only one glass of Champagne: I had that presentiment that something unusual was going to happen which is a peculiar instinct in women. My husband left us very early, leaving me alone with Verseuil. Conversation went on on everyday subjects, but it soon partook of a more familiar turn. Verseuil made himself most agreeable, and, perceiving that I only laughed at his pretty sayings, he became animated. I woke as from a dream. I was obliged to be severe to stop him. He left, and I went to bed, when I fell at once into a deep sleep. When I awoke in the morning I meditated upon what had passed, and reproached myself with want of energy. I ought to have stopped him at once, pulled the bell, and done every thing which I did not do. Well, Sir, I attribute it all to the truffles, and I never ate them afterward without being on my guard.'"

Since Louis XVI.'s time many changes and improvements have been introduced at banquets. Physics and chemistry have been called in to the aid of the alimentary art. The most learned men have not thought it beneath them to devote their attention to our primary wants, and have introduced improvements from the simple stew to the most recherché dishes. New branches of trade have arisen—biscuit-bakers, cooks, and confectioners. The art of preserving food has also become a distinct branch, the object of which is to offer us at any time of the year the various delicacies of every season. Horticulture has made immense progress. Wines are better selected. We begin with Madeira, drink Bordeaux between the courses, and finish with port and sherry. But for the thorough enjoyment of a good dinner it is essential that the sentinel *appetite* should give us proper warning. Appetite announces itself by a feeling of languor in the stomach and a slight sensation of fatigue. At the same time the mind becomes occupied with subjects analogous to its wants; memory recalls things which have pleased the taste; imagination brings them up vividly; it becomes a sort of dream. This state is not devoid of a certain charm, and we have heard adepts exclaim, in the gladness of their hearts, "What a pleasure it is to have a good appetite when one is certain of soon having an excellent dinner!" As illustrations of men of appetite we give the following, deferentially and naturally allowing the Church to lead:

"Some forty years since I paid a flying visit to the Curé of Bregnier, a man of large stature, and noted for his appetite. Though scarcely noon, I found him already at table. The soup and bouilli had been removed, and a gigot of mutton *à la royale*, a fine capon, and large bowl of salad were brought in. He politely offered me a knife and fork, which I declined, and it was well I did so, for he very soon polished off every thing, eating the mutton till nothing was left but the bone, picking the capon till it was a mere skeleton, and emptying the bowl of salad. A huge cheese was then put on the table, in which the worthy curé made an angular breach of ninety-nine degrees. He washed down the whole with a bottle of wine and a decanter of water, after which he reposed. What pleased me was to observe that during this performance, which took about three quarters of an hour, the venerable pastor did not display the slightest hurry. The huge morsels he threw into his capacious mouth did not prevent him from chatting and laughing, and he finished every thing with as much ease as if he had only eaten three larks." In like manner General Bisson, who drank eight bottles of wine every morning at breakfast, did not betray it; his glass was larger than the others', and he emptied it oftener; but all this so quietly, that a stranger would not have supposed he had drunk more than a bottle.

"Prosper Sibuet, at the age of eighteen, was a fine young man, with that happy appetite which promised well for further development. He one afternoon entered the kitchen of Genin, where the 'ancients' of Belley used to meet to discuss chestnuts and a white wine called *vin bourru*. A magnificent turkey had just been taken off the spit, well-shaped, golden, done to a turn, and the odor from which was enough to tempt a saint. The 'ancients,' most of whom had dined, did not pay much attention to the savory bird, but the digestive powers of young Prosper were stirred within him; his mouth watered, and he exclaimed, 'I have only just dined, but I will lay a wager I will eat the whole of that turkey myself.' 'If you will eat it,' responded Bouvier du Bouchet, a stalwart farmer who was present, 'I will pay for it; but if you break down, you will pay for it, and I will eat the rest.' The young athlete set to work at once. He cut off a wing, which he swallowed in two morsels; after which he cleaned his teeth by crunching the neck of the bird, and swallowed a glass of wine as an *entr'acte*. He then attacked a thigh, ate it with the same *sang froid*, and took another glass of wine to prepare the way for the remainder. The second wing soon followed the first, and with increased zest he was about to dispatch the remaining limb, when the unfortunate farmer, with a doleful voice, stopped him, exclaiming, 'Alas! I see it is done; but, M. Sibuet, as I have to pay for it, let me at least eat a little bit myself.'"

The organs of taste and smell are brought into active play by the diner. The sense of taste enables him to select from among the various substances which nature offers those most suitable for him. In this selection taste is powerfully aided by smell; for it may be asserted, as a general maxim, that nutritious substances are not repulsive either to taste or smell. In fact, we are inclined to believe that taste and smell are one and the same sense, the laboratory of which is the mouth, and the nose the chimney. The nose is a sentinel, and is always on the alert to cry, "Who's there?" Take away the sense of smell, and that of taste goes with it. The number of flavors is infinite; for every substance capable of solution has a peculiar flavor of its own. We therefore maintain that there are three distinct orders of taste: viz., direct sensation, complete sensation, and the sensation of judgment. Direct sensation is the first impression from the contact of the food with the organs of the mouth while on the point of the tongue. Complete sensation consists of the first sensation and the impression arising from it when the morsel of food leaves the first position, passes to the back of the mouth, and strikes the whole organ with its taste and perfume. Finally, the sensation of judgment is that of the mind, which reflects upon the impression transmitted by the organ. We give an example: The man who eats a peach is first agreeably struck by its fragrance; he puts a slice in his mouth, and experiences a sensation of freshness and acidity, which induces him to continue; but it is only at the moment he swallows that the real perfume of the peach is revealed: this is the complete sensation caused by a peach. Finally, it is only when he has swallowed the morsel that he can exclaim, "That was delicious!"

In traveling, a knowledge of gastronomy is sometimes of value. The following at least shows how the mutton was nicely "done:" "I was traveling one day with two ladies to Melun. We left rather late in the forenoon, and reached Montgeron with a famous appetite. We put up at a very decent-looking inn, but, to our disappointment, were informed three diligences and two post-chaises had passed, and the travelers had eaten up every thing like locusts from Egypt. We had, however, looked into the kitchen and saw a very nice-looking *gigot* of mutton turning on the spit, toward which the ladies cast hungry eyes. It belonged to three travelers in the coffee-room. With a half-angry, half-supplicating voice, I asked whether we could not have some eggs fried in the gravy; with a cup of coffee it would suffice. 'Oh! certainly.' The cook broke the eggs into the dripping-pan. As soon as he turned his back, I maliciously drew my traveling-knife and made two or three incisions in the roast to allow the juice to flow more freely. I then watched my eggs, and, when they were done, took them to my party. They were found excellent, and we certainly had the *best of the mutton.*"

We will now endeavor to show how to give a dinner. A dinner, no matter how *recherché*, how sumptuous, will never go off well if the wine is bad, the guests not suited to each other, the faces dull, and the dinner eaten hastily. Let the number of your guests never exceed twelve, so that the conversation may constantly remain general. Let them be so collected that their occupations are different, their tastes similar, and with such points of contact that it is not necessary to go through the odious forms of introduction. Let your dining-room be brilliantly lighted, your cloth perfectly clean, and the temperature of the room from 66° to 68° Fahrenheit. Let the men be clever without presumption, the women amiable without conceit. Let your dishes be limited in number, but each excellent, and your wines first-rate. Let the former vary from the most substantial to the most light; and for the second, from the strongest to the most perfumed. Let every thing be served quietly, without hurry or bustle; dinner being the last business of the day, let your guests look upon themselves as travelers who have arrived at the end of their journey.

The pleasures of the table do not consist in transports of delight or ecstasies; but they gain in duration what they lose in intensity, and have the peculiar privilege of disposing us to all others, or of consoling us for their loss. And, in sooth, after a good dinner soul and body feel happy and comfortable.

Thus much on Dining and Diners. Our next paper will treat on Corpulency and Leanness.

MARGARET MILLER.

A STORY IN NINE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

AMONG the invalid boarders was a lady from Mississippi, with a pretty daughter who was the belle of the house. No one could help liking Kittie Harris, with her witching words and ways, her charming mixture of sense and nonsense, and underneath all, her warm, loving heart, which could never be quite concealed by any amount of mirth or mischief. I was in love with her from the day of our first meeting.

She seldom came to our rooms, unless especially invited for a game of backgammon, or some other game of which she was fond. She taught Robert euchre—the game she affirmed no Englishman could learn because "Jack took the King." Sometimes Colonel Hamilton came with her, and we would have a quartette game. The Colonel was pleased with her, we were certain, and I liked him better for his good taste.

One morning the gentlemen had gone to ride as usual, and Kittie came uninvited to my room to tell me that the Old Tampa excursion was on the carpet again, and to come off before Colonel Hamilton and the other gentlemen left town.

"When may we expect so important an exodus?" I inquired, carelessly.

"As though *you* should ask *me* such a question as that, and as innocently too, as though you were not counting the days and hours! Doesn't every body here know that the Colonel has had no business (except his own pleasure) for a fortnight? You are harmless if you haven't discovered yet that he stays just to nurse your brother."

Miss Kittie's silvery laugh rang through the apartment.

"Don't look so puzzled about it," she continued. "Aren't they out riding now, and every day together, when Mr. Miller is able? The only thing I don't understand is, why you never fill the vacant seat."

"Perhaps I don't care for riding. Then the best time to brighten the rooms, and rub out the servants' finger-marks, is when Robert is out. Don't you find it difficult to make your taste and theirs harmonize?"

"I have been used to them all my life, and there's the difference. If Chris brings in a great red lily and puts it into a vase without a single green leaf, I let it stand until she gets ready to remove it. I should do the same thing if she brought in a palma-Christi stalk. I never think of disputing a darkey's taste. Such a dainty little dish of flowers as this on your table here would make me idle all the day long."

The thought of any thing increasing Miss Kittie's idleness amused me as much as it did herself, and she jumped up singing:

"'Indolent, indolent—yes, I am indolent!
So is the grass growing tenderly, slowly,
So is the violet fragrant and lowly,
Drinking in sweetness, peace, and content!'

But here come the gentlemen, and I will *au revoir.*"

Before I had time to urge her to remain she was gone.

Kittie Harris was a fine type of Southern maidenhood, frank, spirited, warm-hearted, and moderately intelligent; moderately, from want of application rather than from any intellectual incapacity. Fate had placed her in circumstances unfavorable to the highest mental development. It had heaped wealth upon her; surrounded her with servants whose duty it was to anticipate her wishes as well as her necessities; and withal, had made her a native of a climate as enervating as delightful to the senses. Never until the recent illness of her mother had she dreamed of being of the slightest use in the world; and even now reading the latest news, answering an occasional letter, and accompanying her in her infrequent drives, was all which was left by the faithful Chris for her young mistress. But let calamity have come, let fortune have taken wings, let servants have disappeared, and there was that in Kittie Harris which would have roused her to strength of purpose, and made her morally, physically, and intellectually a woman, strong to shield, protect, and comfort. Mysterious are the ways of the All-Wise, who layeth upon one of his children burdens of labor and poverty which rack the brain and strain the very cords of long endurance, and upon another the burden of luxury and ease, heavy enough to dwarf the intellect and fetter the loftiest capabilities!

Robert confirmed what Miss Kittie had just told me about the excursion, and said it would come off the next day if the little steamer could be chartered. I was delighted.

Early next morning the *Scottish Chief* came steaming down the Hillsboro, blowing her whistle and ringing her bell. There was the true holiday sound in both. Forthwith the streets of Tampa were gay with groups hastening to the wharf—picturesque-looking groups they were to the eye of a stranger. Stout negresses in flaming bandanas walked in the wake of each party, poising huge baskets on their heads well stocked with "creature comforts." Little negresses ran before with babies in their arms, or leading tumbling toddlers by the hand. Pretty Minorcan girls, with their Spanish *patois*, and darkest of dark eyes looking roguishly out beneath the brims of jaunty little hats pressed eagerly toward the landing. On the river were two or three light yawls pulli[illegible]usly for the same point, filled with resi[illegible] the west side. It was evident the party [illegible] to be general, notwithstanding it had been arranged for the hotel boarders and a few of the citizens.

A cart, weighed down with provisions, started from the Florida House in advance of the two carriages of invalids and their friends. Even Mrs. Harris—Miss Kittie's mother—ventured on the excursion, though seldom venturing as far as from her own chamber to the dining-room. The fever was contagious, and took off every lodger.

The boat was full, and with music and mirth moved gayly down the bay. The call of violin and banjo soon drew merry feet to the upper deck, and the measured tread of the dancers came with a pleasant sound to our ears as we made ourselves comfortable as possible in the little cabin, whose adjustments had been somewhat augmented and improved for the occasion. Mrs. Harris had a fine stuffed settee, and Robert an easy-chair from the hotel, while lesser invalids were accommodated with shawls, blankets, etc.

"Colonel Hamilton and our worthy host stand indicted for petty treason," said Miss Kitty, bowing to the gentlemen who had been exerting themselves for our comforts. "The Confederate Government has ordered a falling back to simple nature. Easy-chairs and settees come with the rest of our sins from the North, and must be done away with. The new preacher said so Sunday; I leave it to Miss Miller if he didn't."

"I was quite unable to comprehend his meaning owing to the barbarity of his language. Very likely it meant that."

"Barbarity! Miss Miller, you don't say barbarity? That was what we call pure refined Cracker, the native dialect of the pine woods. Didn't he say 'the South had been sick on luxury these yer many years, and was getting right smart better?' Didn't he say, too, 'We used to could be up to the North any day in a fair fight, and that a right smart many on us warn't afeared to try again?' If that was not pure Cracker then there is none of it to be found here on the boat to-day."

Miss Kittie glanced mischievously as she spoke to a group of women and children who had just entered the cabin and pre-empted one of the benches. They were not slow in comprehending the personality of the remark, as was evident by the comment of one of the women to another:

"Listen at her, the triflin', sassy heifer. She ain't afeared to talk! I'll wager she could talk afore she could crawl."

The joke was fairly turned upon Miss Kittie, who, while we were all grimacing to keep from laughter outright, was projecting something for our further amusement. We read the mischief in her eyes, and were waiting for it impatiently when a remark from her mother defeated her purpose.

Mrs. Harris had been one of the proudest and most aristocratic of women in health. Weak and enfeebled now in body, her mind sympathized with her diseased frame, as her words gave evidence.

"Kittie, my child, I am astonished at your remarks as well as at your condescension. Wasn't your grandfather a South Carolinian?"

"One of my grandfathers; so at least I have been very often told. The other was a Massachusetts Yankee. Do you wonder that truth and error struggle within me so mightily?"

Kittie could not help saying such naughty things that bright May morning, so overflowing was her heart with life and joy.

Mrs. Harris did not comprehend all which her daughter's words implied. Not so with the sharp-witted "Cracker" woman.

"That girl is ontirely the most ondacious thing ever I did see. She's grown altogether too large to her age."

These observations, though made in an undertone, were distinctly audible to every one in the cabin, as they were intended to be. I thought Colonel Hamilton looked annoyed, and it strengthened the opinion I had before formed of his interest in Miss Kittie. Mrs. Harris was more than annoyed: she was insulted; and her outraged feelings must have expression.

"You are a very impertinent woman! If you can not make use of less offensive language I shall beg you to retire."

"Oh, mamma," interrupted Miss Kittie, who saw at once the absurdity of asserting rank or place on a public boat, "no harm is meant. I began it myself, all in play, and gave occasion for saying even severer things. We'll call it quits, now, and behave ourselves, won't we?" she said, smiling at the rustic group before us.

"If you've had enough so have I," said the spirited woman, in a good-natured way; and swords were sheathed.

Robert, who, as usual, had remained quiet, smiled approvingly, and said to Miss Kittie,

"Suppose we go and make a reconnoissance? Will not Mrs. Harris accompany us to the upper deck?"

Mrs. Harris said she preferred remaining with Chris in the cabin, and reserving what little strength she had for a ramble on shore.

"Colonel Hamilton, who stood deferentially waiting her reply, now offered me his arm for a promenade. I hesitated a moment, then accepted it, and we followed Robert and Kittie.

Beneath the white awning a few couple were moving slowly through a Spanish dance—the favorite dance of the country. Every movement of the Minorcan girls was in harmony with the graceful measure; every expression of their mobile features varied with the varying tones of the music. To watch them was like listening to a charming poem under the blue skies of summer.

"Are you really so fond of dancing, Miss Miller?" Colonel Hamilton inquired, as I stood wholly absorbed in their mazy movements.

"Yes; I love it like any divine concord."

"Will you dance with me?" he inquired a moment after, in a lower tone; "I see they are arranging for another set."

I looked up to see if he were in earnest. Very grave was the expression with which he regarded me; and I felt certain that my eyes, as they fell upon my black dress, and then turned involuntarily toward my brother, filled with tears. I was ashamed of the emotion which prevented me from replying, and turned away to conceal it.

A moment after I felt the bending of his tall figure toward me again, and heard him say, in a tender, troubled tone, almost a whisper,

"Forgive me my unfortunate error, Miss Miller, and believe that I sought to give you pleasure instead of pain."

He went away then, and I saw no more of him until he came to say the plantation-grove was in sight, indicating the direction with his finger. A solitary pine on the summit of a lofty mound was distinctly visible. "Another hour or less," he said, "would bring us to anchor within a hundred yards of the shore. Major Thomson had brought his own boat for the use of our party, so we should not be delayed long after the steamer cast anchor."

Preparations were made to dine before leaving the boat. Tables were spread in both cabins, laden with substantials and delicacies—chickens, wild game, and oysters, interspersed with the inevitable bacon—the *sine quâ non* of a Southern meal. The aroma of coffee was diffused far and wide. I can not say that full justice was done to the tempting viands, for it was early to dine, and, moreover, every one appeared to be thinking more of the orange-grove and the pleasure ahead than of eating. The table-committee proposed that every thing should remain until the exercise on shore had promoted better appetites.

It was a time of general excitement when the steamer cast anchor, and her two small boats were brought along-side. Every one was in haste to debark; few were willing to wait even a second passage to the landing; but those few, amidst the eager, jostling throng, shone brightly conspicuous. Miss Kittie was one of these, and never looked lovelier than when she whispered to Mr. Thomson, whose boat was just along-side,

"There is a dreadfully disappointed party! Let us wait while they are gratified."

"I will do no such thing, Miss Kittie! Who, I beg to know, needs more time to climb the bluff than our own party of invalids? No remonstrance, Miss Kittie! I've seen this scrambling operation before, and came quite independent of it. When my own guests are waited upon my boat and boatmen are at the service of the party, not before."

Two or three women and children, who had rushed forward into the yawl, were politely handed out by the inflexible proprietor. There was some doubt whether our own party could all go together, and Miss Kittie again insisted she would be left if any one. Mr. Thomson tried to speak gruffly and look savagely at her while he helped her to the seat beside her mother.

"Take care of her now, Madam," he said, addressing himself to Mrs. Harris. "A pretty mess she was near getting me into by persisting in gratifying those intrepid women who know no more of politeness than a parcel of tom-noddies. They used to come it over me to my cost; but I am no longer to be victimized."

"I am very glad," said Mrs. Harris, "you have courage to reprove my Kittie. She never could be taught proper distinctions of rank or fortune. Often's the time she's come to me to switch her, to save some dirty little darkey who had got into mischief."

"At my instigation, no doubt, mother. But just look ahead. Don't you see that nice old gentleman waving his hand to us? He must have espied you. But I intend to have him for my gallant to-day. I give you fair warning."

"The old gentleman is Captain Philippe, the owner of the plantation," Colonel Hamilton said; and he arose and waved his hat in token of recognition.

The place, like most on the bay, was guiltless of wharf; but the prow of the little *Sylph* ran boldly into the sand on the beach: we were thus enabled to go ashore dry-shod. The old man welcomed our party with the most cordial kindness, shaking each stranger's hand with the warmth of an old acquaintance, and kissing the ladies with true French gallantry. To Kittie and myself he offered each an arm, saying, gayly, to the Colonel who introduced us,

"Taisez-vous! Je le veux ainsi!"

To which he replied in the same tone,

"J'en suis au désespoir!"

"How nice! Let us all speak French this afternoon," said Miss Kittie! "Monsieur Philippe, est ce là le chemin de l'orangerie? Je suis enchanté!"

The manner was irresistible, and we started for "l'orangerie" without delay. A short walk on the beach, an abrupt turn around a gentle promontory, then a gradual ascent to the region of beauty. Magnificent orange and shaddock trees, propped with the golden fruitage of the last year, and laden with new bloom, were visible here and there as we passed along, and would have drawn us aside but for the determined words of our venerable escort.

"Dat's nottin', demoiselles! Fine in ze orchard! plenty fine! O mon Dieu! dat's nottin'!"

We passed the residence of the old gentleman on our way, half-buried in oleanders and fig-trees. It was a miserable, tumble-down looking concern in itself, built of unhewn logs, standing several feet above the ground upon wooden blocks. Rude steps led up to a front piazza, all overrun with clustering roses and honey-suckles which glorified the place, and made the rude benches beneath them look more inviting than the costly sofas of many a palace-mansion.

"L'asile," he said, observing our eyes turned toward the dwelling. "Rustique, but très comfortable."

The gate of the orangery swung open at the old man's touch, and then what a sight was presented! As far as the eye could extend were ranks of trees in snowy bloom, and bending with fruit larger and finer than were ever seen beyond their native groves. Those of our company who had preceded us in the first boats were scattered beneath the trees, pealing and eating the luscious oranges which lay on every side. Down one arcade, up another, we went until weary, then sat down to finish our repast. Several men were picking fruit for market—"much later than usual," the proprietor said—"because ze South care more for cannon-ball now zan sweet orange."

When rested and satiated with fruit, Colonel Hamilton proposed we should visit the mound and lime-grove which lay beyond the house in an opposite direction. On our way we passed fig-trees laden with fruit; bananas, golden and creamy, waiting to be plucked; guavas with the very odor of the little jelly-boxes we sometimes get at the North, and pomegranate-trees without number. A little patch of something planted like cabbages we found to be pine-apples, the first we had seen in Florida.

In all the South is no lovelier spot than the plantation of the old Frenchman at Tampa Bay. We thought, after the slow and winding ascent which brought us to the summit of the lofty mound reared by De Soto and his unhappy comrades, there could be no lovelier in the world. With the exception of a little opening toward the bay, the sides of the mound are planted all around with limes in the highest state of culture, with an open area on the top surmounted by a single lofty pine—a landmark at sea.

Standing beneath that ancient tree, gazing Gulfward, what a pleasant chat we had about the adventurous Spaniards, their zeal and enthusiasm, their toil, privations, and disappointments! "No wonder," we said, "that in a spot so enchanting the old Castilian should have dreamed of waters of immortality! No wonder, in a clime where winter never frowns rudely on the verdure of summer, where flowers never fade and the air is always soft and balmy, he should have sought for an earthly fountain of youth!"

"And some of us are scarcely less credulous now," Robert said, smiling, I thought, a little sadly, though his eyes sparkled and his cheeks glowed with pleasure.

"All the world is credulous, and superstitious too," quickly responded Miss Kittie, with a look which seemed to say, "We came here for a good time, and don't let a shadow fall upon us to-day." "Isn't so, Miss Margy? Hadn't you rather see the new moon over your right shoulder than your left? I had a hundred times. But don't you wish now we had the old Spanish flag to raise here on De Soto's fortification this afternoon?"

"I do indeed!" I answered. "I would sooner see it float over this whole country again than that detestable rebel rag yonder;" and I pointed to a secession flag waving from a schooner-mast in the bay.

"You speak very warmly, Miss Miller," Colonel Hamilton said, with one of the darkest of his dark frowns. "That rebel rag, as you call it, is destined to command the respect of nations, and to find its way into every port of the civilized world."

"Confusion to traitors!" I exclaimed, meeting his dark glance defiantly. "May they all go down to their graves despised as Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr!"

"All you Northerners want is our darkeys," whined Mrs. Harris.

The old Frenchman was on his feet in a moment.

"You look here!" he said. "See zat leetle pig snuffing at ze sour lime. Not one bit will he taste it. He eats ze sweet orange and grows fat. Ze sweet orange make ze very best pig. What for you will eat sour fruit here to-day, when ze sweet is plenty?"

Captain Philippe's analogy was too original and too just not to produce its desired effect. We laughed, grasped the old man's hand, and promised to eat only *sweet* fruit while we remained with him, at least.

We did not break our promise. Here and there through the fragrant groves we strayed, examining carefully the fortifications, indulging in pleasant speculations relative to the experience of that first adventurous band whose earth-works had thus defied the hand of Time. Something more we longed to know of those brave, romantic men than history or tradition has yet unfolded.

Too soon came the shrill return-call from *The Scottish Chief*. The gentlemen purchased fruit until the Captain of the steamer refused to take it aboard, saying, if they persisted, we should all go down as sure as fate.

The sun was low in the west when the last boat from shore discharged its human freight; then the order was quickly given to weigh anchor and depart.

The second call to dinner was responded to with greater alacrity than the first had been. I was left quite alone on the upper deck, feeling no desire for food. A sunset charm possessed me. Seldom had I seen the tropic green blent with the gold and purple of the evening clouds before, and I watched the changes from glory to glory until my heart was full to bursting. Thoughts of our far-away Northern home came to me then unbidden; tearful memories of another May sunset, on whose wings a serene soul passed from the evening of earth to the blessed morning of heaven. My eyes grew dim to the beauty before me, but they could not be allowed the luxury of an overflow; every drop was sternly remanded to its fountain.

At that moment a soft sound of footsteps startled me; it was a retreating sound, followed soon by a servant with a tray of coffee, which was accepted without remark. Miss Kittie came next to say there would be music in the cabin as soon as the tables were removed, and that the invalids had decided not to return to the upper deck. She was going down to have a dance if she could find a partner.

In a moment she was gone, and other footsteps drew near.

"Allow me to take your cup, Miss Miller."

It was handed mechanically.

"You seem a little sad this evening. I trust no thoughtless word of mine has wounded you."

The kindness of the tone prevented the reply which trembled on my lips, "that his words had no power to wound me." I simply answered that a person might be meditative and not sad.

"True," he replied, "but you are a little sad nevertheless. Let me console you by saying I have never seen your brother as well since his arrival as now. He was just telling me that he feels like a person in returning health."

"God grant it! Without him life were nothing to me. Let us join him if he will not return on deck."

"Will you not allow me a moment's conversation first?"

"Certainly, Sir, it you have any thing to communicate;" and I resumed my seat.

He went away for a moment and returned.

"I will not detain you long," he said, noticing perhaps ill-concealed reluctance on my part to remain. "I have your brother's consent to speak to you, but no encouragement from him whatever that my words would avail me. I can not go away, however, without revealing to you my real feelings. Robert has become like a brother to me; and you, Miss Margy, are dearer than sister to brother."

I was thunder-struck, and stared at him incredulously.

"I have not deceived myself with the belief that I have interested you. Only say that you do not dislike me, as I have sometimes fancied, and that I may cultivate your esteem, and I will rest contented for the present."

"Nothing could have surprised me more than your words, Colonel Hamilton. I will be as frank as yourself. If my esteem is of any value to you, you have won it already by your kindness to my brother. I can never cease to appreciate it. At the same time I will not suffer you to believe me susceptible of any warmer regard."

"Don't speak for the future, Miss Margy. Your decision for the present I must accept."

"I must speak for the future, Sir! I can not forget what barriers are rising higher and higher every day to separate the North from the South."

"What are barriers to love?" he interrupted. "You have heart-lessons to learn yet, dear Miss Miller, if you believe affection will not overleap all boundaries, social or political. Warmly as I love the South, identified as are my interests with her interests forever, my heart at this moment accords to a Northerner such reverence as it has never yielded before."

"You have been married, Colonel Hamilton?"

"Very happily."

"I do not comprehend you. Let us go down."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A YOUNG lady has been heard to declare that she couldn't go to fight for the country, but she was willing to allow the young men to go, and die an *old maid*, which she thought was as great a sacrifice as any body could be called upon to make.

BY A LEATHERHEAD.—The saying that "there is nothing like leather" is justified by the fact that it is our *sole* reliance.

"When things get to be worst they generally take a turn for the better." This proverb applies more particularly to a lady's silk dress, when she can not get a new one.

Why are women who eschew matrimony like railroad trains?—Because their failure to connect occasions many disappointments.

NOW WHAT'S YER INTINTIONS.

Ah, sure now, 'tis too bad indade;
  What manes all this flounth'ring an' snakin'?
Yer wooin's so silent an' staid,
  That, faix, ye won't vinture on spakin'!
There's Larry knows what he's about
  Whiniver the subject he mintions,
An' if ye don't mind, he'll spake out
  Before ye have towld yer intintions.

Now, Miles, don't run aff wid the thought
  Meself's the laste bit in a hurry;
But thruth, it sames coortin's for nought
  But to kape me poor heart in a flurry.
Och, sure, if ye'd wish to prevint
  Flartations, an' sthrifes, an' dissinsions,
Ye'll take me advice—an' me hint—
  An' tell me jist what's yer intintions.

I'd not be so mane as to bring
  The big braich o' promise agin ye;
So, darlint, jist buy the gowld ring,
  The while there's the love-spark widin ye;
Ye'll mate wid no chance like this same,
  Me finger to take the diminsions;
An' sure 'twill be swate as a drame
  That way to be towld yer intintions.

The merchant who measures his goods honestly adopts a wise measure.

"You're a man of figures," as the mathematician said to the dancing-master.

A gentleman, taking an apartment, said to the landlady, "I assure you, madam, I never left a lodging but my landlady shed tears." She answered, "I hope it was not, Sir, because you went away without paying."

A learned counsel once said to a witness, "Sir, did I understand you to say that you saw the defendant strike the plaintiff?" "I know not what you may have understood," said the witness; "but, if my eyes served me properly, I certainly did witness a manœuvre that would warrant such a description."

The only ever-lasting people on earth are the shoemakers.

"Does this razor go easy?" asked a barber of a victim who was writhing under a clumsy instrument. "Well," replied the poor fellow, "that depends upon what you call the operation. If you are skinning me it goes tolerably easy; but if you are shaving, it goes hard."

A WELSHMAN'S OATH—An affi-David.

A householder, in filling up his schedule at the last census, under the column, "Where born," described one of his children as born "in the parlor," and the other "up stairs."

A paper refused lately to publish eulogies gratis, but added, "We will publish the simple announcement of the death of any of our friends with pleasure."

In a late number of a New York paper a novel announcement of a lady's death appears, terminating thus: "Friends will kindly accept this announcement of her removal."

How to teach a young dog to swim—Pitch him into a river and he will learn on the *induck-tive* principle.

The only "ism" that there's no humbug in—A truism.

Woman, as we learn from Genesis, is a bone, and that may be the reason why so many dogs are always fighting for her.

Why isn't a joint-stock company like a watch?—Because it does not go on after it's wound up.

Why is a tobacconist a very worthless tradesman?—Because he puffs his own commodities.

It is said that iron natures seldom indulge in weeping; but we have frequently seen guns in "tiers."

"I wish," said a son of Erin, "I could find the place where men don't die, that I might go and end my days there."

Why is a spider a good correspondent?—Because he drops a line by every post.

A rich man made his will, leaving all he had to a company of fellow-citizens to dispose of, but reserving to his right heir "such a portion as pleased them." The heir having sued the company for his share of the property, the judge inquired whether they wished to carry out the will of the testator, and if so, what provision they proposed making for the heir? "He shall have a tenth part," said they, "and we will retain for ourselves the other nine." "Take, then," said the judge, "the tenth part to yourselves, and leave the rest to the heir; for by the will he is to have what part 'pleaseth you.'"

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

If you wanted to buy a fiddle cheap, where would you go?

To a chemist's, and buy some drugs, as they would give you a violin (vial in).

Why is an ironmonger the most likely person to make the alphabet quarrel?

Because he makes A poke R (a poker) and shove L (shovel).

What great astronomer is like Venus's chariot?

Herschel (her shell).

How is it that the Liturgy of the Church of England encourages polygamy?

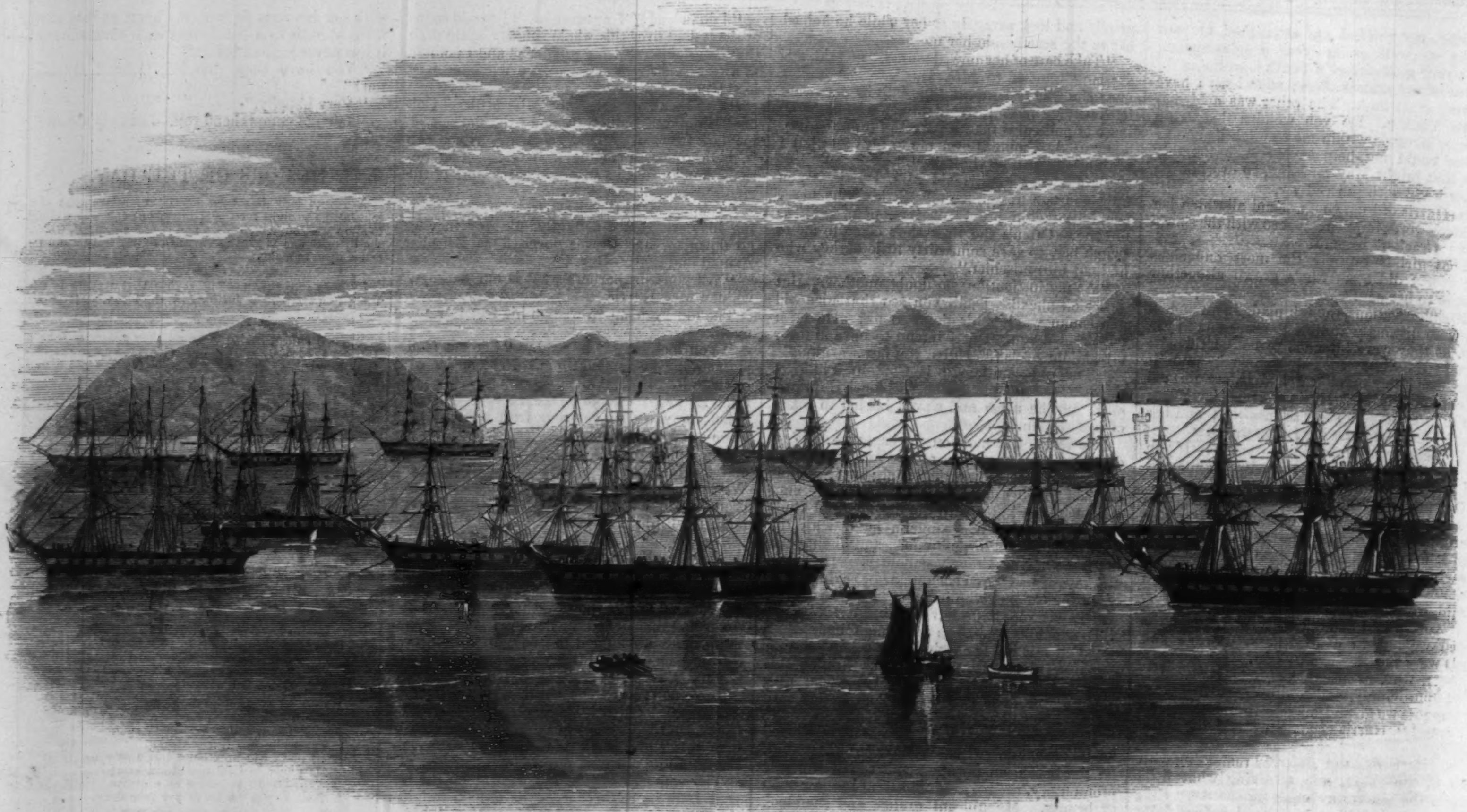
Because it enjoins you to take four (for) richer, four (for) poorer, four (for) better, four (for) worse.

When would a farmer have the best opportunity of overlooking his pigs?

When he has a sty in his eye.

Why are Englishmen bad naturalists?

Because the Pope sent them a bull, and they thought it a boar (bore).



FLEET OF WHALERS IN THE PORT OF SAN FRANCISCO.—[Sketched by M. C. Palmer.]

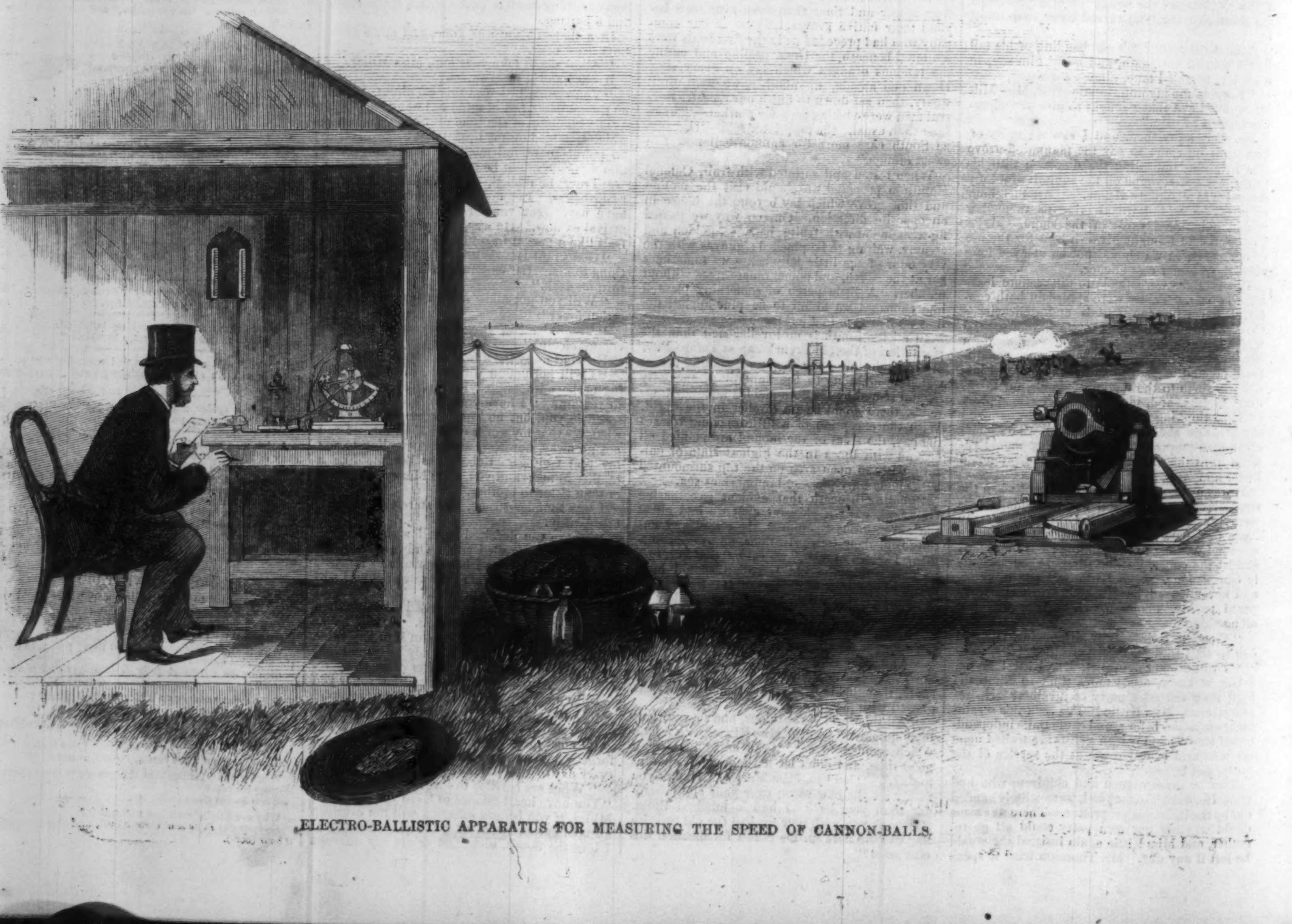
FLEET OF WHALERS AT SAN FRANCISCO.

We give herewith an illustration representing the Fleet of Whalers in the port of San Francisco. Our correspondent, in a letter dated October 29, says that during a few previous days no less than twenty-four whalers had arrived from the Arctic ocean. The presence of so many whalers in the port at one time had never before been known; perhaps half a dozen on one occasion has been the highest number previously reached. For several years past the whaling fleet has rather avoided San Francisco, and which is chiefly indebted for its recent presence to the facility afforded by this port for instant telegraphic communication with owners at New Bedford, whose wishes as to the disposition of cargoes can thus be immediately ascertained. The number of whales is said to be diminishing yearly, and eminent scientific authorities have advocated a cessation of the fishery for a period of years.

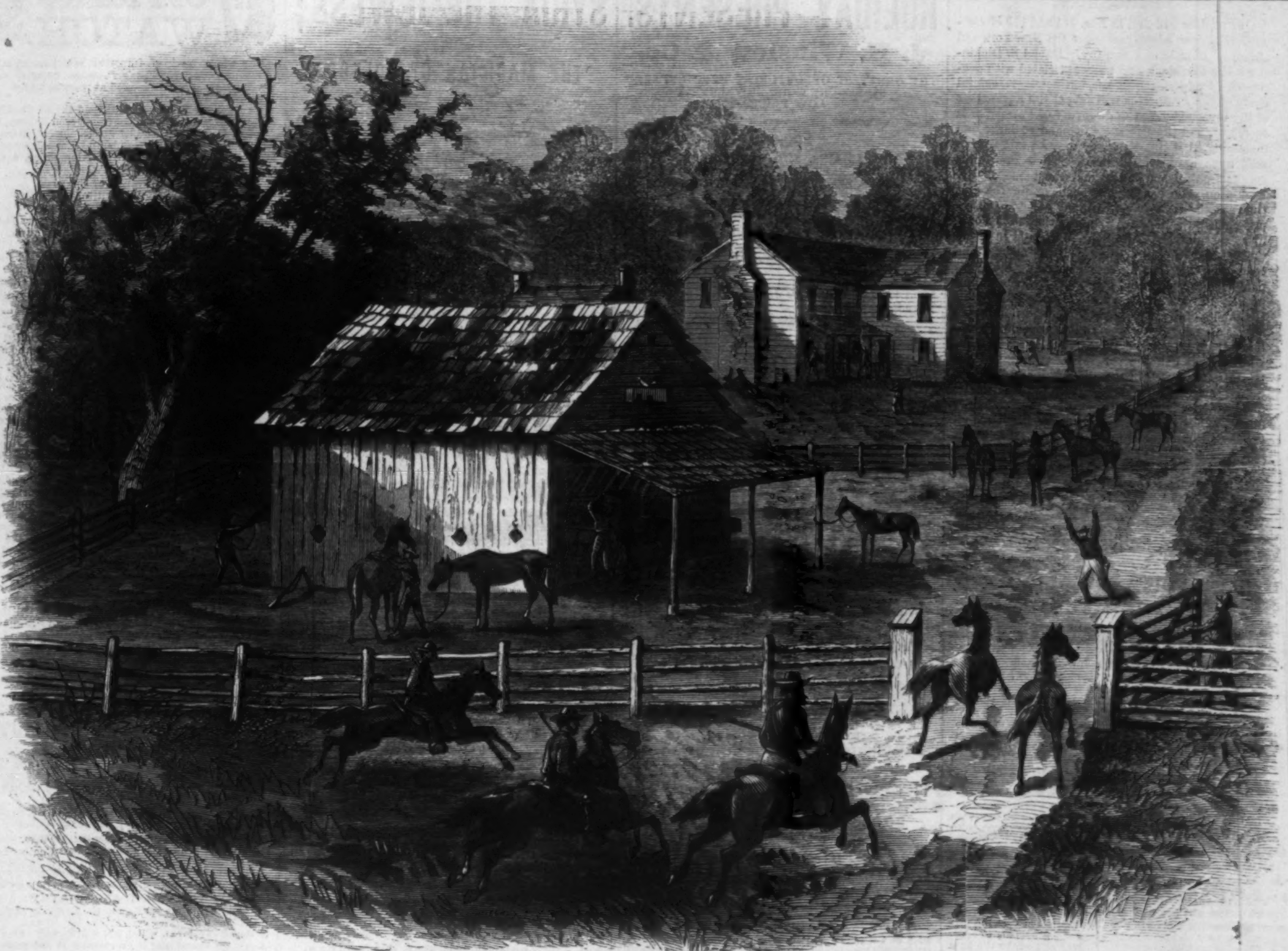
APPARATUS FOR MEASURING THE VELOCITY OF PROJECTILES.

We give on this page an illustration of the Electro-Ballistic Apparatus, recently invented by Major Navez, of the Belgian Artillery, for measuring the space of time a cannon-ball would take in passing over a few yards. Let two upright screens be placed before the gun, the first distant 30 yards and the second 150 yards. Between the screens is 120 yards: what time is taken by the cannon-ball in passing from the first screen to the second? The same pendulum always performs its vibrations, whatever be the extent of the arc, in the same time. A seconds pendulum will tick seconds, whether the arc passed over be ten or forty degrees. If, then, a pendulum can be set in motion when the cannon-ball penetrates the first screen, and stopped when the second screen is reached, the arc over which it passes during the interval would be an exact measure of the time occupied. As the whole arc, fully completed, is to the partial arc, so is the time of describing the whole arc to the time of describing the partial arc.

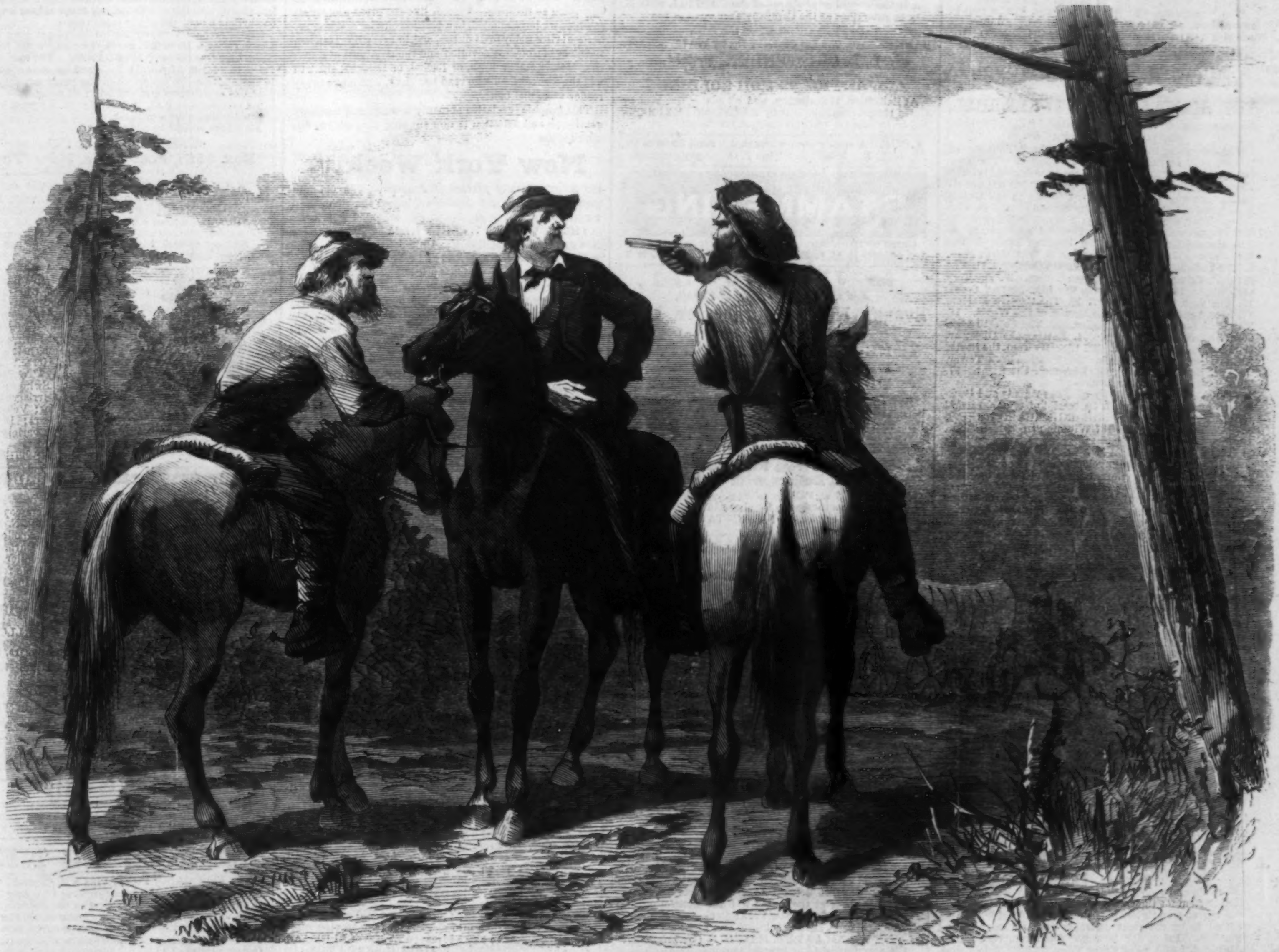
The real thing to be accomplished is to start and stop the pendulum at precisely the right moment. This is accomplished by the principle of magnetism. Two pendulums are used, which, by means of a spring, are made to move in exact unison. One of these is called the main pendulum; the other, which is smaller and more delicate, the index pendulum. The main pendulum is connected with the first screen by means of a magnetic line, going and returning, so as to form a current. When the ball strikes the first screen the current between it and the main pendulum is broken; this pendulum, which has previously been held by the magnet, is now, at the breaking of the current, set in motion, the index pendulum keeping exact pace with it. Now the pendulums are in motion; but when the ball strikes the second screen how are they to be stopped? A separate contrivance, called the Conjunctor, is connected with this screen by a magnetic current, which is broken by the passage of the ball. The Conjunctor is so contrived that, at the breaking of this current, a new current is established between a large magnetic battery and the index pendulum; and the moment this is accomplished the latter is stopped, being attracted to the iron arc along which it is moving. The new current was established by the pressure of a steel needle downward into a jar of mercury at the breaking of the current between the Conjunctor and the second screen. The problem is now solved. Suppose that, when the index is stopped, two degrees have been passed over of an arc which, completed, would measure forty degrees; and suppose that our pendulum ticks seconds. Then the time taken by the cannon-ball in passing the 120 yards is one-twentieth of a second, one yard being passed in one-twenty-four-hundredth part of a second. By this contrivance a skillful operator is able to measure pretty accurately to the three-thousandth part of a second.



ELECTRO-BALLISTIC APPARATUS FOR MEASURING THE SPEED OF CANNON-BALLS.



GUERRILLA DEPREDATIONS—SEIZING HORSES.—Sketched by W. D. Matthews.—[See Page 822.]



GUERRILLA DEPREDATIONS—"YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE!"—Sketched by W. D. Matthews.—[See Page 822.]

PETROLEUM.

Our readers will find in Nos. 414 and 415 of *Harper's Weekly* an advertisement of the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company. Daniel S. Dickinson is the President, and he is associated with gentlemen of experience in the business. A careful study of the Prospectus will reveal the advantages of the investment. The discovery of Petroleum is so recent, and the necessary demand so large and increasing, that this Company may be said to proceed upon a permanent basis. Their Prospectus speaks frankly and fairly, and the name of Mr. Dickinson, who has here, we believe, for the first time associated his name with any corporate enterprise, should satisfy the inquirer that it is not a mere speculation. All of the funds paid in forms the working capital of the Company, and no one connected with it is interested in selling the Company land or property at a fictitious value or at any profit. Stockholders are mutually interested in all the profits of the Company. A limited number of shares are offered at a subscription price of five dollars per share, without further tax or assessment, which is but half the par value. Several of the trustees are located in the oil region, and have acquired their wealth and experience in the business, and have a personal supervision over the Company's affairs, and it is expected that large quarterly dividends will be regularly paid from the 1st of January. Subscriptions at the price indicated will only be received during the present month. Office of the Company, 71 Broadway, New York. "Post-office box, 5368."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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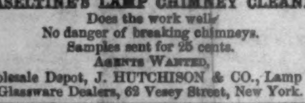

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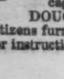

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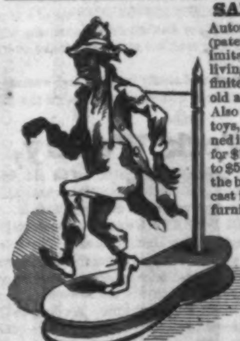

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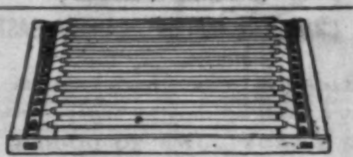

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CONTENTS:

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HEROIC DEEDS OF HEROIC MEN.—II. SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Dictating Dispatches by Moonlight.—Ulysses S. Grant.—Among the Bayous.—First Experiment, Williams's Canal.—Second Experiment by Lake Providence.—Third Experiment by Moon Lake.—Fourth Experiment by Steele's Bayou.—Exploring a Bayou.—In the Swamps.—Guerrilla Attack.—Steaming through the Bayou.—March through the Bog.—A General on Duty.—Running the Batteries at Vicksburg.—March through an unknown Country.—Crocker's Charge.—The Interview between Grant and Pemberton.

AFTER THE STORM.
With an Illustration.

SCENES IN THE WAR OF 1812. (*Concluded.*)—XII. NEW ORLEANS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Statue of Jackson in New Orleans.—Jackson's City Quarters.—Fort St. John in 1860.—Villeré's Mansion.—Lacoste's Mansion.—De la Ronde's Mansion.—View of the Rodriguez Canal, Jackson's Lines.—Macarté's, Jackson's Head-Quarters.—Positions of the American and British Armies near New Orleans, January 8, 1815.—Plain of Chalmette, Battle Ground of January 8, 1815.—Old Court-House, 269 Royal Street.

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TOM'S EDUCATION.

THE LIFE OF FLOWERS.
With an Illustration.

SHERIDAN'S BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

NORA AND I.

THE SUNBEAM.

JANIE THOMPSON'S LOVERS.

ARMADALE. By WILKIE COLLINS.
CHAPTER I. The Mystery of Ozias Midwinter.
ILLUSTRATION. The Wife's Question.

AN AMERICAN WAR CORRESPONDENT IN ENGLAND.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND. By CHARLES DICKENS.
CHAPTER VII. In which a friendly Move is originated.
CHAPTER VIII. In which an innocent Elopement occurs.
CHAPTER IX. In which the Orphan makes his Will.
CHAPTER X. A Successor.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Riah's Guests.—Forming the Domestic Virtues.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

LITERARY NOTICES.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—An Effectual Disguise.—Beware of the Dog.—A Wise Precaution.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Reception Toilet and Child's Over-Dress.—Cap.—Bonnet Coiffure.—Children's Dresses.

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